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IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL

LORD EUSTACE CECIL.

IN ONE VOLUME

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PREFACE.

In publishing these papers, I cannot claim for them any peculiar novelty. The countries and subjects they treat upon have been no doubt described and discussed in print before: some, perhaps, like an old garment, are well worn, but I venture to hope not quite threadbare.

Any merit they may possess, therefore, must rest more upon their being the result of personal observation than upon the ground that they afford new matter for meditation to the general reader. The papers themselves originally appeared in the "St. James's Medley," and are now offered to the public carefully corrected and revised.

In the present day, when the moral and material improvement of the vagabond population frequenting our large cities is attracting so much

attention, I have thought that an account of midnight life in London, as well as in New York, might possess some interest.

The description given of prison discipline here, and on the other side of the Channel, will have served a good purpose if it contributes, in the smallest degree, towards a dispassionate consideration of the English and French systems, and the ultimate adoption in our own gaols of what is best in both.

E. G. C.

A FORTNIGHT IN HAYTI.

A FORTNIGHT IN HAYTI.

TO those who are not "cramming up" to undergo the terrors of a competitive examination, or to whom professional business and varied occupations have left little time to study the position and nomenclature of different states and kingdoms, the discovery on the map of the exact whereabouts of the subject of this article would be attended with no small expense of time and trouble. Nor would it be unnatural to suppose that the similarity of names between such countries, for instance, as Hayti and Tahiti should insensibly confuse even the best informed of our countrymen, the majority of whom are profoundly ignorant as to the extent, government, and resources of those semi-civilized portions of the universe in which their pockets

and interests are not directly concerned. Not that such a state of things arises from any lack of enterprise on the part of individual travellers, or from their neglect to impart the information so obtained, but rather from a deep-rooted indifference, and a time-honoured contempt, for foreign countries and their affairs. If, however, Hayti has little interest for the general public, to the politician and the philanthropist it is a study by no means to be despised. It is here that a political problem, the solution of which is fraught with happiness or misery to a large portion of the human race, has been slowly working itself out for the last sixty years. It is here that the wonderful spectacle has presented itself, before unparalleled in the history of the world, of a nation of pseudo-slaves, spite of foreign invasion and endless revolutions, endeavouring to prove that the black man's capacity for self-government is a living reality and not an empty theory. How unsuccessfully, is yet to be shown. Still it should be remembered that History records the

lapse of centuries before the class-contentions of Athens and Rome subsided, or before the liberties of the Italian Republics were fully attained. It should also be borne in mind that the Parent-State herself, esteemed among the first of European nations, is as yet subject to a despot; whilst the infant has once more recovered comparative freedom.

It was on the third evening after leaving St. Thomas, that we found ourselves rapidly approaching the little port of Jacmel, about one hundred miles distant from the south-western extremity of the Island of St. Domingo. Numerous surmises were rife as to the object of our visit to a corner of the world so unhealthy and so little known; and no small anxiety was expressed amongst our fellow passengers respecting the wisdom or safety of landing at a moment apparently so unpropitious. To say the truth, the time of our visit did not appear well chosen; for the news had already reached St. Thomas, ere our departure, of a revolution having broken out, and of the more

than probable overthrow of Soulouque and his government. Added to this, all communication between Jacmel and Port-au-Prince, the capital of the empire, was reported to have ceased; and there were even some fears for the safety of the foreign merchants resident in that part of the island—an alarm which the previous history of Hayti might well have justified. As we glided through the smooth sea, the large fires which were visible for miles along the coast did not tend to reassure us. Some hinted that the whole country was evidently in insurrection. Others imagined that on the distant sky-line they descried the figures of victorious Haytians, indulging over the dead remains of their enemies in the cannibal propensities they had inherited from their African ancestors. Amidst the general despondency of our fellow-travellers, one portly German trader, of Hebrew extraction, came boldly to the rescue, and soon banished all doubts and fears.—"He had made the journey to Port-au-Prince overland, and, revolution or no revolution, was now on the point of making

it again. As for any danger on the road, the idea of such a thing was preposterous amongst a people who were too listless or cowardly to fight even their own battles; but if we were still afraid of being eaten *en route*, he offered to be himself our escort across the mountains to Port-au-Prince." On questioning him further touching the sort of man the Emperor was, he humorously rejoined, in broken English—"Soulouque he one very fine black man! He worth *one tousen* dollars in New Orleans."

Already the shutting off of the steam announced our near approach, and as we tumbled up the companion ladder with a portion of our baggage, a hoarse voice enjoined us, in no measured terms, to look sharp and take our places in the boat, or the tide would be too low to land that evening. As we obeyed the injunction, our fat Hebrew friend, whose motions had necessarily not been so rapid, was seized, *nolens volens*, by a couple of stout sailors, and hustled like a bale of goods into the boat, where he eventually settled himself, not, however, before he had stumbled over

the officer in charge, and caused him to lose his hold of the attaching rope. At the same moment a heavy lurch drove the boat violently against the ship's side: the top of the rudder was smashed in twain, and, amidst the hearty cursings heaped upon Jews in general, and fat lubbers in particular, by the indignant officer, we pulled off. But our companion's troubles were by no means yet ended. Though tumbledown piers still existed at Jacmel, steps to mount them had long ago succumbed to the ravages of time. What was to be done? The pier in question was at least fifteen feet above the level of the water; and the only means to surmount the obstacle was the very primitive machinery of rope and pulley, well adapted for slim figures of five-and-twenty, but quite out of the question for our fat friend, whose ponderous corporation entirely belied the possibility of such gymnastics. But time and tide wait for no man; and so thought the officer in charge, who had been brooding over his damaged rudder, and the wigging in store for him on his return, as with

a stentorian voice he shouted out, "Now then, lads, time's up; shove off, there. I say, Mounseer" (this to the astonished Haytian who had just succeeded in hauling us up safely on the top of the pier), "lachez les '*ropes*' et allez au diable. Come, sir," smiling wickedly at the poor bewildered Hebrew, "the steamer won't wait any longer; you must lay hold of that rope, or jump overboard;" and amidst the half-suppressed jeers of the crew, the wretched Jew half jumped and was half pushed into the surf below, where he was left to scramble out as best he could.

If a Frenchman of the present day were to land at Cape Cod, and were suddenly to find himself surrounded by a band of Puritans, wearing the identical dress that the Pilgrim Fathers wore when they first colonized New England, he could hardly be more astonished than we were at the grotesque crowd of warriors that greeted us on our arrival at Jacmel. To all appearance we had met with another proof of the "entente cordiale," and had become objects of wonder to the tattered remnant of General Leclerc's revolutionary army

of occupation. Certainly their cocked hats and broad-tailed ragged coats must have first seen light at the beginning of the century, whilst the antique pattern and rusty appearance of their firelocks clearly told of their service through many a long campaign. The soiled condition of their belts, and (where cocked hats failed) the adoption of a red handkerchief, suggested at once the hardships and trials those doughty veterans had gone through. Poor fellows, time had dealt hardly with them; it had not even left them shoes and stockings to their feet! But stay; after all, it is but a dream of our imagination; that accent is neither French of the *ancien régime*, nor modern Parisian, only something between the two, with a dash of gibberish and an extra amount of volubility and gesticulation intermixed. We draw closer. Surely the twilight cannot be deceiving us. Alas! our French veterans are but unmistakeable niggers, and we but foreigners in a free black state. "Bonjour, mon Général; comment vous portez-vous?" and we grasp with republican cordiality,

despite the strong odour which so close a proximity obliges us to support, the greasy fist of the nearest custom-house officer. The Acting-Consul and Mail-Agent here opportunely stepped in, and suggested to that functionary that we should leave our baggage in the guard-room till next morning. Another ceremonious shaking of hands ensued, and we proposed to follow our new guide to the town-hotel, the only one existing in Hayti. There he confided us to the care of the landlady; and here, whilst she leaves us in the arms of Morpheus to digest our supper of tough turkey, let us take a somnambulist's walk and look at Jacmel. As we saunter out, reports of musketry, a confused noise of kettle-drums, and cheers, greet our ears, which we are nervous enough to suppose portend a fresh revolution, until we find ourselves in the midst of a troop of young girls and boys, firing feu-de-joies, and giving vent to their republican feelings in the national monotone, not dissimilar in sound to a shrill piccolo and a bagpipe out of tune. Undoubtedly, the mortality of cows is great at Jacmel!

Picking our way along the streets, our ingenuity is taxed to avoid the numerous pitfalls, sloughs of despond, and masses of garbage, which, for lack of proper gutters, are left to feed the dogs, or engender fever amongst the inhabitants. On either side, ruined houses here and there patched up with wooden sheds, tell a dismal tale of past prosperity and present neglect. Abreast of the Custom-house, a most picturesque view of the harbour and surrounding scenery presents itself in the clear moonlight. A little farther on, a guard of sleepy, shoeless blacks lies scattered about the pavement, under the command of an officer, who is entirely taken up with admiring himself, and who, like the frog in the fable, is bursting with his own importance and the weight of two enormous epaulets. Him we mollify by a timely compliment respecting the beauty of his coat and the appearance of his cocked hat, and are at once allowed to pass without further let or hindrance.

Turning sharp round up the hill to the left, is

the market place, where but yesterday the poor Haytian peasant, basking in the sunshine of imperial smiles, paid 2½d. (the value of a Haytian dollar) for four bananas, 4½ dollars (11½d.) for a pound of meat, and half a dollar (1¼d.) for an egg—long prices, in a country where soil and climate combine spontaneously for man's benefit. Here may also be found the casave-bread, which, with bananas, forms the staple food of the island. The root is first dried, then ground and baked into round flat cakes. In this state, notwithstanding the poisonous nature of the thick white juice which exudes from the pulp, it is eaten and relished.

Still retracing our steps in the direction of our hotel, we traverse the Champ de Mars—a rocky, uneven square of a couple of acres in extent. In the centre is a wooden platform, called an "autel de la patrie"—carefully railed round to preserve it from vulgar intrusion—as a reviewing post for the Inspecting General. A sacrilegious attempt to approach so sacred a spot draws down upon us the well-merited rebuke of another cocked-hat

functionary, and, abashed, we hide our diminished heads, and make a rapid retreat down the hill, past the Governor's house, to the military hospital, which we mistake for a stable, until we are ushered into two obscure rooms, where our nasal organs soon convince us to the contrary. As the trade winds have not yet blown ventilation or cleanliness to Hayti, we hardly expect to find perfection where the first essentials of the healing art are so neglected. Possibly the system in force is just an improvement upon the savage plan of exposing the sick and helpless to the chances of climate and natural constitution, although it would still be then a moot question whether the disadvantages of close air and confined space did not counterbalance whatever advantages might be due to the medical skill of the native practitioners. The remedies are, as may be supposed, most primitive; and were it not for the naturally strong constitution of the negro, the mortality would be far more excessive than it is, especially as the absence (with the exception of a most vexatious quarantine) of any-

thing like sanitary regulations, is a circumstance naturally favourable to epidemics. Let us, however, get back to breakfast, out of this filthy combination of disease and rags, and eat with what appetite we can.

The sun is already up, and has recalled life and activity, at least for an hour or so, to the inert mass of the inhabitants of Jacmel. The rooms are swept and garnished, the table laid for breakfast, and the guests already commencing to assemble. News pours in rapidly, by bits, by wholesale, and by retail. Everybody brings his contribution to the morning meal. Intelligent coloured men discuss politics with a freedom, and eat with a voracity, they have been quite unaccustomed to under the rule of his majesty Faustein I. A sort of satirical pity is expressed for the ex-emperor's misfortune, which vents itself in a fervent hope that Providence will interfere to prevent his return to so ungrateful a country, by giving him a free passage to a better world on his voyage to Jamaica.

With the curiosity of newly-arrived strangers, we prick up our ears, and are soon deeply involved in the mazes of Haytian politics. Soulouque, the representative of the black party, as opposed to the coloured, was then politically dead. The slave, the soldier, and the emperor—the hero of the coup-d'état of 1848, the prototype of Louis Napoleon—no longer exercised any influence in the affairs of his misgoverned country. The new President of the republic, a coloured man, and a general in the Haytian army, had not as yet been confirmed by the legislature, although there was little doubt, from the triumphant reception he had everywhere met with, that his election would not long be delayed. So secretly and yet so ably had his plans been laid, that no notion was entertained of the conspiracy, until the news arrived at Port-au-Prince of his landing in the north, and of his intention to march upon the capital. Only a week before, he had secretly embarked at Port-au-Prince, with his personal staff and a few muskets, for Gonaives, a town on the north-west coast, in an open

boat. But Providence favoured Cæsar and his fortunes; he succeeded in disembarking without loss or accident; and no sooner had he raised the standard of revolt, than his little troop became at once the nucleus of a formidable army. Volunteers flocked in from all sides. The very soldiers sent against him laid down their arms, and reinforced his ranks. In a small way Gonaives had proved a second Cannes, and Geffrard's successful march had rivalled the return from Elba. Never was there a greater moral victory over an apparently strong government with a large armed force at its command. Hardly a shot had as yet been fired, although division after division had been sent against the enemy, and the invading army had advanced within ten miles of the capital.

Amidst the general disaffection, it might have been supposed that the imperial guard (a picked body of troops, in the possession of shoes and stockings) would have stood firmly by their imperial master. But alas! these ungrateful prætorians, unmindful of the imperial largesses,

forgetful of their sworn fealty, and, above all, of their new shoes and stockings, filled with patriotic sentiments and such plunder as they could lay their hands on, received the imperial proclamations with cries of "A bas le tyran;" and having with the greatest presence of mind first filled their own pockets, proceeded to confine Soulouque in his palace, and then humbly tendered their submission to the future President. With true magnanimity, and a sincere desire to avoid bloodshed, the new Chief of the Republic had sent back orders that every means should be given his rival of escaping to the French Consulate, whence a passage might be procured for him to Jamaica, in the Melbourne, an English troop ship, sent over from Port Royal with 300 artillerymen, to look after British subjects and interests pending the revolutionary crisis. That no stigma of interestedness or rapacity should for one moment colour the conduct of the new government, an additional permission was accorded to the fallen despot to carry away with him all his personal wardrobe and effects—a liberality that he returned

by secretly abstracting some thousands of pounds sterling from the public treasury. To transport this sum of money on board, he had the assurance to press into the service the guard of soldiers considerately sent by the government to protect him from the mob. The weight of the boxes, however, revealed the secret, and very properly the money was carried back to the French Consulate, there to await in safety the turn of events.

Such was the outline of the revolution which had convulsed Hayti a few days before our arrival. The abdication of Soulouque was the signal for the interregnum to cease, and for the national rejoicings, so long pent up, to burst forth. Titles had been tacitly abolished, and the "Dukes of Marmalade" and "Counts of Petits Pois" became again but Citizen-Generals of the Republic. The constitution of 1816, and the laws enacted under the government of Petion (the Washington of Hayti), had been once more re-established, whilst strong hopes were entertained that the exciting cause of the revolution, namely, the heavy tax upon the export of coffee, would be

at once removed. Personally, the news that most interested us was the re-opening of the track across the mountains to Port-au-Prince; and, lest any untoward political circumstance should necessitate a longer stay at Jacmel, we determined to start on our journey as soon as possible. Accordingly, that afternoon we made arrangements to procure a couple of guides, two ponies, and two mules, to convey ourselves and our baggage to the capital, a distance of 70 miles, for the very moderate price of 440 Haytian dollars—somewhere about 5*l*. Although we had ordered our animals at two, it was five in the evening before we succeeded in getting under weigh, and then only by applying the high pressure of Consular authority. As in all other tropical countries, indifference to time and constitutional laziness are serious obstacles to anything like despatch in Hayti. In this instance, the impressment of horses for war purposes by the late government was with some justice pleaded, and gave us reason to think ourselves extremely lucky to get off at all.

Our path at first lay through patches of half-cultivated banana plantations, here and there irrigated by natural water-courses; as we proceeded further on, we got into a more undulating country; then, by a very gradual rise, we ascended from valley to valley through deep gorges shaded from the moon's rays by overhanging cliffs and the luxuriant foliage of tropical forests. The scenery was indeed magnificent and wild in the extreme, and seemed to possess the superlative beauty and fertility which the French name of "La Reine des Antilles" so aptly expresses. Not a sound to relieve the grandeur of nature, except the gushing of the innumerable water-courses which crossed our path at every turn; not a semblance of animal life except where the fire-fly, like some huge wandering spark, served as a beacon through the forest, or the hoarse croaking of the frog reproached us for disturbing his midnight slumbers. By twelve o'clock, we had already ascended more than three-fourths of "Le Gros Monde," at the top of which was the half-way

station between Jacmel and Port-au-Prince; and in two hours more, at the imminent risk of losing our baggage and our own equilibrium, we had scaled the last of the abrupt precipices in our path; and, soaked with heavy dew, and chilled by the cool atmosphere we had passed through, were glad enough to roll ourselves in our blankets, and rest after our toilsome journey, in the adjoining wayside inn. Four hours' rest, though little enough after our fatigues, was as much as we dared allow ourselves; for already the rising sun warned us what we had to expect should we presume too long to brave his fiery wrath. Clean rooms, and beds without fleas, coffee, bouilli of fowl and potatoes, and excessive civility, were exchanged for a Spanish dollar apiece, inclusive of our night's lodging, and the entertainment of our guides and beasts. In what Spanish posada or Irish country inn could so much cleanliness and comfort be obtained at so moderate a price? Verily our negro host was not so black as he looked.

By eleven o'clock, we had made the descent of

the Gros Monde on the other side, and had entered upon a flat table country, far more cultivated in appearance than anything we had yet seen. Between the coffee and banana plantations, groves of the wild cactus, acacia, and other tropical plants, were to be found in the greatest profusion. Afar off, the island of Gonave (not to be confounded with the town of Gonaives), at the entrance of the harbour of Port-au-Prince, could just be perceived, although, from the intervening mountains and the long stretch of the bay inland, the town itself was not yet in sight. The heat of the sun, which had now become excessive, warned us to rest for a time; and, after refreshing ourselves with a short siesta under the broad shade of a palm tree, we once more continued our route along the shores of the bay. At last the long-wished-for town of promise came in sight; onwards we spurred our jaded steeds, till at length we were landed safe and sound before the counting office of the worthy merchant to whom we had letters of introduction.

Port-au-Prince, the capital of Hayti, has seen many vicissitudes. Built in the early part of the eighteenth century, it was almost totally burnt down on the outbreak of the negro revolt in 1791. Three years afterwards, it was taken possession of by the English, who retained it till 1798, when it was once again ceded to the insurgent blacks, and its name changed to that of Port Republicain. Here it was that, in 1802, General Leclerc landed his invading force, and, in the two following years, helped to decimate that portion of the island by his ferocious fusillades, and the infernal cruelty of his lieutenant and successor, Rochambeau. In 1804, Port-au-Prince became the seat of empire under the Emperor Jacques I., commonly known as General Dessalines; but, in 1806, on the advent of Petion to power, it once more declared itself Republican. Since that period—notwithstanding the usurpation of King Christophe in the north, and at various times of other chieftains in the south—it has always been looked upon as the metropolis, if not of the larger, at least of the most influential

part of the island. In 1822, under the administration of President Boyer, it reached the meridian of its glory, when the whole island was for some twenty years united as one republic—Port-au-Prince retaining its position as the seat of Government. At present, partly from the falling off of its trade, partly from the proscriptions of Soulouque and the general misgovernment of the country, and more especially from the jealousy of all Haytian governments towards foreigners, and their refusal to repeal the impolitic law of 1804, which prohibits white men from holding any property in the island, the prosperity of Port-au-Prince is acknowledged to have steadily declined during the last half century of its existence. The population of the town, not including the suburbs, is about 15,000 souls, and these are scattered over an area of rather more than a square mile. From its low, land-locked position, and the utter absence of any system of sewerage, it has the very just but unenviable reputation of being one of the most unhealthy towns in one of the most unhealthy

quarters of the globe. No European, without certain detriment to his health, can exist there for any consecutive number of years, and at all times it may be looked upon as one of the permanent head-quarters of Yellow Jack. The streets are well laid out, generally at right angles to each other; but they are neither paved nor lighted—a fact which, when coupled with the deep ruts caused by the heavy rains at certain seasons of the year, renders travelling exceedingly dangerous.

The various consulates and the offices of the foreign merchants are conveniently situated for the despatch of business close to the sea shore. Few, however, conceive their establishments complete unless they have also a country house at some short distance from town, in which they may escape the unhealthy miasma of the night air. The principal public buildings are the Senate House, Soulouque's palace (looked upon by Haytians as a model of architectural beauty), and the church of Notre Dame; but, of course, to European eyes, the beauty or con-

venience of any of these edifices is far more imaginary than real. Hotels, or inns, except those of the very lowest kind, do not exist; but, whatever want there may be in that respect, it is more than made up by the open-handed hospitality extended without exception to all strangers. Indeed, my companion and myself were, during the whole of our residence at Port-au-Prince, most hospitably boarded and lodged by one of the resident merchants—a kindness the more remarkable, as he must have known it was utterly out of our power to repay it.

The second day after our arrival at Port-au-Prince will be marked for the future in the Haytian calendar as the anniversary of two great events: the inauguration of President Geffrard, and the official demolition of the imperial crown. At an early hour, regiments of black troops, preceded by bands of musicians playing marches to which the "devil's tattoo" would have been harmony, assembled from all quarters in front of the Senate House to bear their part in the interesting ceremony. Through

the kindness of one of the new members of the government, we had been provided with seats for the occasion; but so dense was the crowd, and so vociferous was the cheering, that to make use of the seats aforesaid with any comfort became out of the question. Enthusiastic negroes, with uncombed woolly heads and puggy hands, insisted upon making resting-posts of our heads and shoulders; children stole furtively between our legs, and, at every burst of excitement, pinched and clasped our knees, or clambered up our shoulders to get a nearer view of the proceedings, till at last the benches struck work, and precipitated more than one human load to the ground, so great was the enthusiasm on that great day of Haytian liberty. Generals and ministers, in seedy blue coats, blazing epaulets, and more than usually extensive cocked hats, encircled the President with a halo of glory, their pompous, toad-like corporations forming an insurmountable barrier between the chief magistrate and the citizens of the republic. The "tout ensemble" presented a sort of scene

that, but for the associations of the occasion, would have irresistibly connected itself, in a stranger's mind, with a troop of ourang-outangs dressed out in the gaudiest style, under the auspices of Mr. Van Amburgh, and produced for the first time, to play the well-known popular farce of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; or, Choosing a President." The audience having slid into their places, the proceedings commenced by a short oration, which was rendered perfectly inaudible by the cries of "Vive la constitution!" The imperial bauble was then produced, and, amidst shouts of "A bas la couronne"—"Qu'elle soit detruite," the new President raised a small hammer which he held in his hand, but there he stopped. "Que diront nos enfants si en établissant la République le premier acte de son inauguration eut été un acte de vandalisme." This spirited speech had an immediate effect upon the crowd. The hammer was merely cabalistically passed over the crown, which was then returned to its closet. The President soon after descended from his chair, and, amidst reiterated

cheers of "Vive la liberté! Vive la constitution!" which were participated in by the ragged brigade outside, the crowd dispersed quietly to their homes, and the troops marched back to the Champ de Mars, there to enjoy the pride and pomp of glorious war in the shape of a grand military review. Meanwhile we adjourned for the rest of the day to one of the cool, shady villas to which we had been invited, where we washed off some of the heat, dust, and dirt contracted by the morning's performance, in a luxurious bath, composed of tepid water, bruised oranges, and tafia or inferior rum, and appropriately called "le bain d'un Empereur."

It was but two days after the inauguration of the President that a most deplorable event occurred, and one which necessarily cast a gloom over the public rejoicings at the moment. Colonel Geffrard, his only son, a young man of some ability and promise, was suddenly carried off by fever, consequent on previous indisposition and the prolonged fatigue and exhaustion of a forced march under a tropical sun. Under the circum-

stances of the case, with the recollection of the father's services fresh in everybody's memory, the attendance of the foreign Consuls and resident strangers at his funeral was not only a compliment to the bereaved parent, but strictly in accordance with the feeling generally expressed by the citizens of Port-au-Prince. Nor were we sorry to have such an opportunity of attending a ceremony, the observances of which would give us a better idea of Haytian customs than, under other circumstances, we should have possessed. Notwithstanding that the departure of the procession for the church of Notre Dame had been fixed to take place at five in the afternoon, long before that time large crowds of all colours and costumes were to be seen in front of the President's house. Never, perhaps, since Soulouque's coronation, had there been so large an attendance at a public ceremony. Never, perhaps, in the former annals of the Republic had so much Haytian beauty, rank, and fashion voluntarily congregated to do honour to the first magistrate of the state. Close around the door,

on the balconies and housetops overlooking the street, crowds of women—innocent of bonnets—their heads encircled with various-coloured scarfs, twisted in turban-like folds, were massed in close array; whilst below, Chasseurs of the Guard, armed with minié rifles and dressed in smart Zouave fezzes, jostled their slovenly comrades of the line, whose tattered appearance presented a marked contrast to the neat equipment of their more fortunate brethren. Ex-imperial ministers, generals, envoys from the Spanish portion of the island, expressly sent to congratulate the new President, men sinking under the importance of their stomachs and epaulets, might have been observed among the stout negro functionaries assembled. Now and then, one tumbled over an official smothered in gold lace, who leered in so expressive a manner, that one became convinced, as he rolled the whites of his eyes about, that he had figured before in the familiar character of "Bones." At length, the procession was formed. The corpse, preceded by a body of troops, and a band (whose

selection of music, where any tune could be distinguished, bore the faintest resemblance to anything of a sacred character), was closely followed up by the mourners on foot; then by a division of infantry and a squadron of cavalry, succeeded by a dense throng of sympathizing citizens, who formed an effectual rear-guard. In this order, the principal streets were traversed, till at last the procession halted before the cathedral of Notre Dame, where the troops defiled outwards, to make a lane for the corpse.

The cathedral, if it may be so termed, is a plain, unostentatious, white-washed building, and has been built some 150 years, although, since that time, numerous additions have been made to its original size. The only pretensions that it has to anything like ecclesiastical architecture, in our acceptation of the term, are a cupola at one end, which gives it the appearance of a mosque, and a clock tower at the other end, which by no means adds to its beauty, either in structure or design. The interior, which is about 206 feet long by 120 feet broad, and 40 feet

in height, is entirely fitted up with mahogany wood-work. Two double rows of painted mahogany pillars separate the centre or old portion of the building from the recent additions. At the east end is a large white marble altar; overhanging which is a picture, appropriately designed by a native artist, of God Almighty blessing the union of the black and coloured man. To the right of the altar is a raised platform covered with red cloth, and surmounted by a throne and two huge cushions, on which Soulouque, in constant dread of assassination, was in the habit of depositing his pistols whenever he attended service. In place of windows, huge barred openings fitted with enormous shutters afford ventilation, at the same time that they shut out the mid-day glare and dust. The preponderance of images and pictures of the Virgin is more remarkable in Haytian churches than in Spain or Cuba; and proportionately, as in those countries, it marks the corrupt form of Roman Catholicism.

Since the revolution of 1789-93, the Haytian

church has denied the supremacy of the Pope,* and is now governed by a hierarchy of its own, subordinate in everything to civil authority. Abbé Mousse, the present spiritual head of the Haytian church, is a coloured man of great piety and learning: but unfortunately he is a decided exception to the rest of his order. In general, the priesthood are recruited from the worst class of European clergy; usually speaking, Corsicans, who, having committed some crime at home, fly to Hayti to obtain a livelihood. There they renew their vicious courses, and live upon what they can extort from the superstition and ignorance of the people. In former years, when marriage was the exception and not the rule in Hayti, these worthies hit upon the following ingenious plan to supply the deficiencies in their income, yearly caused by the paucity of marriage fees. They went about from house to house, and assured the inhabitants that unless their door-posts were duly baptised, the devil would certainly enter and claim his own. This doctrine they even extended to stables and

* This is no longer the case.

cattle-pens; and, of course, in a very short time their losses were more than compensated by the proceeds of so wide a source of revenue. No check being thus placed upon their income, much less upon their morals, the inducements to vagabond priests to emigrate from Europe, notwithstanding the unhealthiness of the climate, became exceedingly strong. A few years since, attempts were made by the Court of Rome to recall the erring flock to the bosom of the church; but so strenuous was the opposition of their spiritual pastors to anything like a participation in the lucrative business of baptising door-posts, and so sunk in fetichism and superstition were their parishioners, that even the clever Jesuit entrusted with the mission was compelled to shake the dust off his feet and acknowledge himself unequal to the task of reclaiming sheep whose shepherds were themselves so hopelessly irreclaimable. Under such circumstances, it is not unnatural to suppose that endeavours should have been made from time to time to establish Protestant missions for propagating a purer form of religion. With the excep-

tion, however, of a Wesleyan Missionary Church and station at Port-au-Prince, the establishment of which is due to the active exertions of Mr. Bird; the resident minister, Hayti is entirely destitute of Protestant churches. The missionary station in question, built for the most part by voluntary subscription, has existed under Mr. Bird's superintendence for some years. The school, which was originally instituted to save parents the expense of sending their children to the United States and Europe to receive a good education, had not received the smallest support from Government in consequence of the jealousy and repressive system of the late imperial régime. Notwithstanding the manifest discouragement which it has experienced at the hands of the authorities, and the small funds at its disposal, it has nevertheless worked no small amount of good. At the time we visited it, there were more than 100 pupils between the ages of six and sixteen, whose names were enrolled in the school-books, and not a few of whom belonged to the best families in the country. The terms were exceedingly

moderate, amounting to not more than 100 Haytian dollars (1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*) a month for day scholars, and double that sum for boarders. Two dead and three living languages, besides history, music, chemistry, mathematics, and any number of 'ologies, were professedly taught; but in so extended a range of study, it seemed impossible that the education of the pupils at that tender age could be anything but superficial. Adjoining the school is a chapel, which, under the direction of one of the missionary teachers, possesses the rare luxury of an organ and choir, and has accommodation for a congregation of about 500 people. Small as the whole establishment is, it is infinitely superior to the Government College under the superintendence of a military commandant, whose sole object, by common report, was to enrich himself after the fashion of Do-the-boys' Hall, for the very inadequate pay and temporary character of his appointment, at the expense of the brains and stomachs of his pupils.

Official peculation is unhappily too common amongst government employés, and must neces-

sarily exist where the annual salary is so absurdly small that the mere necessaries of life can hardly be purchased for the money. Generals who manage to find themselves and their families in food and lodging—epaulets and cocked-hats included—on 40*l.* a-year, must, if honest, either possess the secret of the philosopher's stone, or understand the interior economy of a household far better than most people. At home, our soldiers are considered to be underpaid at a shilling a-day; but they are Crœsuses compared with their sable confrères in Hayti, who are compelled to keep body and soul together on 1*s.* 6*d.* a-week, and whatever else they can beg, borrow, or steal. If, however, the condition of the soldiery is so bad, notwithstanding the permission that is accorded them, of working on their own account off duty, it may be readily imagined that that of the peasantry is little better. Providence has indeed tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, by giving them few wants, a fruitful soil, and a government which allows those not drawn by the conscription unrestricted permission "to do nothing." What more

could even a discontented negro wish for? So long as he can lie quietly in the sun, side by side with his pig on a dung-heap, his earthly paradise is attained. What does it matter whether he lives under a despotism or a republic? His perceptions are far too dense to understand the blessing or the curse of either. Under either form of government, part of his coffee-crop goes to the State coffers, and conscription is equally common to both. Change of rulers has never yet permanently cheapened either tafia or bananas; so why should he get up from his dung-heap and make much ado about nothing? As with the great Cynic in his tub, to rouse the negro to exertion, one must resemble Alexander, and keep off the sun's rays from him.

Considering that the Haytian's education has been hitherto neglected and that his moral perceptions have in consequence been naturally blunted, it is astonishing that there should be comparatively so little crime amongst the large mass of the population. This can only be accounted for by the inherent apathy and timidity of the negro character.

In Soulouque's time, political offenders constituted by far the larger number of prisoners; and poor wretches, whose only crime was their wealth, were often doomed to an incarceration even worse in its results than a deportation to Cayenne. The prisons of the Inquisition under Torquemada, or the Bastile under Louis the Eleventh, could not record greater horrors than were perpetrated in Forts Faustein and La Boue, under the paternal government of Soulouque. Stories, only too true, are told of wretched peasants dragged from their homes to starve gradually, or, fever-stricken, to rot in dungeons purposely filled with the most loathsome reptiles. Wealthy men disappeared suddenly from the midst of their families, whilst others, to escape the tyrant's jealousy or rapacity, sought refuge under a foreign flag, or fled secretly to Jamaica. Rumour asserted that those in the vicinity of the state prisons were startled by fearful cries and shrieks of torment; and that, in imitation of the torturing propensities of Christophe and Dessalines, it had been the common habit of "Villelubin,"

the infamous Governor of Port-au-Prince, to spend his leisure hours in belabouring the backs of his prisoners with an enormous bamboo cane, which not unusually maimed for life, nay, sometimes even killed his wretched victims. Instant execution was infinitely preferable to the slow torture of such a life.

At the time of our visit, with the exception of Fort la Boue, there were but two prisons in Port-au-Prince—La Maison Centrale and La Maison Correctionelle—and of the two it would have been difficult to say which was the most dirty and dilapidated. La Maison Correctionelle, as its name denotes, is the prison more especially used for the punishment of trifling offences. A narrow pathway, just broad enough for a sentry to pace up and down, passes along the whole length of the prison, till it finally terminates in a small back yard (very much resembling a pound), where stray cattle and half-naked prisoners are indiscriminately mixed together. On one side of the pathway stand half a dozen yards with wooden cells on each side, through the centre of which

run some iron stocks fitted with an apparatus of chains and manacles for the unruly. Most of the prisoners looked half starved and dirty; some glared at us in an idiotic manner, whilst others feebly gesticulated a request for alms, a demand which their deplorable condition fully warranted. On inquiry, it appeared that fivepence a week was allowed by Government for the sustenance of each prisoner; and that if this sum did not suffice for their maintenance, it was left to their friends to supply them with food, or to themselves to earn their livelihood as best they could; otherwise they died of starvation. In the eyes of Government, to be obliged to support convicts at all was bad enough; but to expend the public money upon their health, their cleanliness, or creature comforts, would be simply, according to Haytian ideas, a premium on crime, as long as the condition of the honest population remains as bad as it is. For example, no attempt had been even made to turn aside the drainings of the yard at the end of the prison, which, in consequence, percolated all over the yards in small streams of liquid filth, adding, if

possible, to the pestilential smells already too perceptible. Indeed, looking at the establishment merely as an animal receptacle, few masters of hounds in England would have made a dog-kennel of it.

La Maison Centrale is a sort of organised work-shop for those prisoners who are either sentenced to hard labour, or voluntarily enter to escape starvation. Trades are here nominally taught as well as practised, and the whole is under the superintendence of a very intelligent negro, who had travelled in America and Europe, and who, to do him justice, appeared to consider the welfare of his prisoners more than that of his pocket. Almost the only political prisoner that had been incarcerated since the inauguration of the Republic was General Jean Rosier, a renegade scoundrel, then awaiting his trial for repeated acts of treason.

On our return, in the evening, we found an intimation from the President that he would do us the honour of receiving us early on the following morning. So great, however, was the

press of public business, that the afternoon was pretty well gone before his sable Excellency could find time to see us. Our time was amusingly, if not agreeably, beguiled in the meanwhile by an officious aid-de-camp, who insisted upon lionizing us over the palace, till lately Soulouque's head-quarters. Very little damage had been done by the revolutionists, and what few pictures there were, were still in good preservation; a circumstance which our friend, who had formerly been a painter, and in that capacity employed by the late Emperor, took advantage of, by invariably summing up the beauties of each picture with a "Celui-là n'est-il pas beau?" On our mildly answering in the affirmative, he as constantly remarked, with a look of intense self-admiration, "Mais moi, je suis l'artiste."

The palace itself is a one-storied building, with a colonnade in front, which is reached by a flight of marble steps. In Hayti it is looked upon as a model of style and beauty; but judged by the European or the Indian standard, it has nothing much to recommend it, except its size. Just

before the abdication of Soulouque, the building was undergoing a thorough répair; a state of things which was not improved by the irruption of the Imperial Guard at the time of the revolution. Heaps of brick and mortar and masses of rubbish were still lying strewn about the court-yard, and bodies of ragged soldiery had here and there lit camp fires, pitched their tents, picqueted their horses, and littered the place with a variety of miscellaneous articles. Running parallel to the entrance hall, was the Salle des Maréchaux, about sixty feet long and twenty feet broad, the walls of which were ornamented with pictures of some half-a-dozen Haytian warriors. Apart from the main building stood a magnificent throne-room, ninety feet long by thirty-five broad, and thirty high, but recently built. It was here that the Emperor had been accustomed to *receive*, in the days of his glory. The style and magnificence of the internal decorations—the furniture of velvet and gold, the massive gilt throne at one end—were worthy of Versailles or the Tuileries, but could hardly

be looked upon as a criterion of the wealth and power of the Haytian empire. As in France, from the emperor to the peasant, the love of display is paramount in the breast of every true Haytian; but for this reason, the constant exhibition of splendid poverty would appear incomprehensible to the stranger. With an empty exchequer, and a large national debt, Soulouque could yet find means to build a palace, pay for the costliest furniture from Paris, whilst his army was almost naked, and every department of his government miserably underpaid. Whence he obtained the money, his ministers only knew; but the apparent scarcity of that necessary article never for one moment influenced his Imperial Majesty to deny himself either luxury or pleasure on the ground of expense. No foolish scruples of political economy prevented the monarch from crowning his woolly locks with a diadem worth £5000; nor did the financial state of the country suggest the impropriety of presenting his Imperial spouse with a necklace worth £8000, on the day of her coronation. Even

in England, with a revenue of seventy odd millions, such an outlay might very naturally excite the indignation of the honourable Member for Lambeth; but, in a country where the revenue barely exceeds a quarter of a million, such an extravagance becomes a gross misapplication of the public money. No matter whether it was a palace, a stud of horses, or a steam yacht, the empty state of the exchequer never seems to have disturbed the mind of the Imperial Sybarite. Of course, his ministers followed their master's example. To "make hay whilst the sun shone," although seemingly a paradox in that tropical clime, was, after all, an exotic proverb quite congenial to the temperament of the Haytian character.

But we must cease our digression, for an aid-de-camp has been for some time beckoning to us in the distance, evidently with the intention of conducting us into the august presence of the First Magistrate of the Republic. In the innocence of our hearts, we had fondly imagined that the presentation aforesaid was to have been

strictly private, and that, after a ceremonious bow and an exchange of compliments, we should have been permitted to depart in peace. Judge then of our horror and dismay when we found ourselves ushered into the public reception room, where the President was engaged in receiving the congratulations of a large deputation of Freemasons. On the conclusion of the address, the deputation sat down. We were then introduced with all proper ceremony, but with this difference, that, instead of being allowed to make our exit as soon as we had bowed, we were obliged to listen to a discourse upon Haytian politics, apparently addressed to us, but evidently intended for the ears of the deputation.

President Geffrard, the successful leader of the late revolution, had been long looked upon, by the best-informed of his fellow-citizens, as the only man capable of regenerating his unfortunate country. Always hated and suspected by Soulouque, it is not a little to his credit that, notwithstanding the numerous attempts of his

enemies, he has had sufficient tact and discretion to avoid embroiling himself with the late government. Even a fortnight before the revolution, nothing but consummate presence of mind and courage could have protected him from the tyrant's wrath. Returning home one evening, he espied a note under his doorway, detailing a plan for the assassination of the Emperor the following morning on parade. Suspecting it rightly to be a trap laid for him by his enemies, if not by the government itself, instead of destroying the letter, as many under such circumstances would have done, he had the assurance to present it to the Emperor the next day in presence of his staff, as the best proof of his innocence. So bold a course saved him from even the suspicion of disaffection towards the government, and enabled him to mature those plans for its overthrow which he had for months been quietly preparing.

Since his accession to power, the humanity and courtesy which he has shown to his political opponents, combined with his evident

desire to consider the interests of the State, and not his own personal ambition, have earned him golden opinions from the large mass of the people. In appearance, he is about fifty years of age, well made, but of small stature, and, although born a mulatto, his colour is very little lighter than that of a negro. Though, after the prevailing fashion, he has not been educated in Europe, he is nevertheless a well-informed man, unprejudiced and impartial, qualities which contrast well with the ignorance, obstinacy, and mercilessness of his predecessors. His manner on the whole is very pleasing; and there is something in his personal carriage and voice which, from its simplicity and earnestness, at once commands respect. On this occasion he spoke very much to the point, urging strongly a cordial union between the black and coloured races, as the only effective safeguard against despotism. As far as he himself was concerned, now that a new order of things was commenced, it would be his first duty to carry out the reforms so long needed in every

department of the State. Finally, he wound up by telling us that, in the present condition of the country, the alliance and support of foreign powers, and especially of England and France, were most essential to its prosperity; adding that he hoped, on our return, we should give as good an account as we could of all we had seen and heard in Hayti; and that, at all events, we might rest assured that it would be the earnest endeavour of his government to protect foreign interests, to open out the resources of the country, and to heal those wounds which civil dissensions had inflicted upon her.

To have to return thanks at any time upon a subject upon which you do not feel strongly, is generally considered by all but professed orators anything but an agreeable task; but when total want of preparation, ignorance of the subject in question, and the necessity of making a speech in a foreign language, are added to your other difficulties, the obvious inference is that nothing short of a miracle can save you from the ignominious position of a "break-down." Luckily

the spokesman of the party had previously been decided upon, and the difficulty of determining who should undergo such a disagreeable ordeal therefore had been removed. What to say was a more difficult question; how flounder in bad French through a string of compliments on the state of the nation, which even a ten days' experience must have taught the merest observer were perfectly untrue? Friendly criticism, without a knowledge of facts, was equally impossible. Besides, it would never have done for a total stranger to serve up a dry dish of statistical parsnips without plenty of butter. To say something agreeable to the national vanity was therefore the only course open. Prisons! what a fortunate idea! We had been to see the prisons, and there were but thirty prisoners. An opportunity at one presented itself of expatiating on the remarkable absence of crime in so large a population, evidently the consequence of the superior system of education so lately introduced into the government schools. A few commonplaces on the incalculable happiness of the nation

in once more possessing its freedom, and the enlightened government of such a President; wound up by a sincere conviction, obviously apparent to the most obtuse intellect, that all the materials to form a great nation existed, and that all that was required was time (unlimited, of course) to bring them to perfection; with an assurance that a good understanding between our governments had always been regarded with favour by Queen Victoria (it is to be hoped that Her Majesty's knowledge of geography exceeds that of some of her loving subjects) as a sure means of advancing the true interests of commerce and civilization—formed the substance of that ever-memorable oration.

How the speaker, betwixt his indifferent French and the confused idea that the eyes of all Hayti were upon him, got through his task, is to this day a mystery to him. He has a vivid recollection that the President expressed strong marks of dissent on his making the assertion that the paucity of prisoners was a proof of the absence of crime, and that the Chief of the

Republic appeared to labour under the delusion (perhaps because, with few exceptions, he had himself liberated every prisoner in Port-au-Prince some days before) that that part of the speaker's discourse savoured strongly of "blarney." Be that as it may, whether his Excellency gave us credit for knowledge which we subsequently obtained, it matters not. The result was the same. We were asked to receive the assurance of his high consideration, and of his wish to render our visit as agreeable and instructive as possible; and, having made us a farewell bow, he retired.

Hitherto we had been so occupied with the capital and its contents, that we had had little time for making an excursion into the interior. The probability that an opportunity would offer in two or three days of securing a passage in one of Her Majesty's gunboats to Jamaica, hastened our movements. Through the kindness of our host, it was determined to collect, the following evening, a party of some dozen or more of the white residents, and proceed in force (for fear of

the possibility of interruption from marauding troops of disbanded soldiers) to the top of a mountain called Les Grands Fonds, some twenty miles distant from the town, where a good view could be had of the surrounding country. But we were doomed to be disappointed. The first evening we arrived without accident at La Coupe, a small village on the top of a hill, about six miles off; but here, owing to some mistake on the part of the authorities, most probably intentional, our progress was put a stop to by some Gardes Champêtres, or rural police, who sturdily refused to allow us to pass, on the plea that the country was yet in too disturbed a state to travel in. We were therefore constrained to make as jolly a night as we could of it, under the circumstances, in the country house of an old French lady who was then residing in town. It certainly was very vexatious, as the view was said to be surpassingly grand from Les Grands Fonds, and one better calculated than any other to give a good idea of the country. However, on the following evening, in returning, we managed to

make a detour by which we had a capital view in the distance of the hills on the borders of the Dominican Republic, and almost in the centre of the island; and still better, of two lakes, the one salt and the other fresh, in the cul-de-sac, or long valley, reaching far into the interior, at the extremity of which Port-au-Prince is situated.

Strange to say, notwithstanding the number of centuries the island has been discovered and colonized, these lakes as yet have never been fully explored. The deadly effect of the miasma arising from the water, and the incredible number of mosquitoes, are assigned as reasons for this strange neglect; but the real objection undoubtedly has been the unenterprizing character of the Government, which, from the declaration of independence up to the present time, has studiously thrown cold water upon all attempts to explore the interior. To such an extent did Soulouque carry out this principle in practice, that no consideration would ever induce him to permit European naturalists or botanists to diverge one step from the beaten track in the

prosecution of their studies, nor to travel on the roads in the interior without an armed escort. Certain it is that St. Domingo remains almost as much a sealed book to the rest of the world as Japan. Nay, to this day there is a strong suspicion, never yet disproved, that there exists a tribe in the centre of the island entirely separated from the rest of the population. Like Sir Walter Scott's Children of the Mist, according to rumour, they live perfectly isolated upon the top of a mountain, which is only to be approached by one narrow gorge, and this pass they defend with bows and arrows against all intruders. Their origin is uncertain. By some they are supposed to be a remnant of the aboriginal Indians, who fled to the mountains to escape the cruelties and persecutions of the first Spaniards. Others say that they are descended from a band of runaway slaves, who, rather than join their insurgent brethren at the time of the revolution, preferred to form a society and government of their own. From whatever source they are really sprung, little authentic is known of either their

customs or habits. Charges of cannibalism have been alleged against them, but without good proof; although it is pretty certain that, as every man's hand is against them, their hand is against every man; and there is little doubt that, in their immediate vicinity, people have every now and then been lost in the mountains and never been heard of again. Their peculiar cry of alarm is said to be "Viens! viens!" which, if true, would show them to be rather of French-negro than Indian origin.

But for the scraps of information afforded by the books of one or two English travellers who explored the country in the time of President Boyer, even the natural features and products of the interior would be but little known. The proportionately large exports of coffee, log-wood, and mahogany, when compared with the industry bestowed on their culture, prove that the natural fertility of the island, had the French not made known the fact before, is very great.

By a reference to Mr. J. Candler's book on

Hayti, published in 1842, it appears that, in the years 1838 and 1839, the mean exportation of coffee was 43,854,666lbs., value £834,055; of mahogany, 5,392,175lbs., value £8,195; and of logwood, 16,917,502lbs., value £18,325. And when it is considered that all these trees are naturally wild and indigenous, grow almost without cultivation, and that the labour of picking and drying the berries, cutting the trees down and floating them by some of the many rivers the island possesses to the sea side, is all that is wanting, the value of the exports, under such circumstances, plentifully testifies the provident bounty of nature. In all probability, the best part of that large island, some 420 miles long and 110 broad, is still virgin soil; and as long as the inhabitants are as few and as easily satisfied as they are now, so long will it remain so. With the exception of sharks and crocodiles, no animals inimical to man exist on or about the island; and it is generally believed that, in common with Ireland, St. Domingo enjoys an immunity from venomous reptiles.

One thing still remained to be seen before our departure; and in this, as in everything else, our kind friends determined not to disappoint us. Lest we should go away, therefore, without having a proper conception of the manners and customs of Haytian society, the evening before we embarked for Jamaica a ball was given. The company present on that occasion gave us a very good idea of the ordinary "reunions" of polite Haytians. As in all other assemblages of this the most cosmopolitan of countries, it was a grotesque mixture of almost every creed, race, and colour under the sun; Turks, Chinamen, and Mormons were perhaps the only people not represented. As to the fair sex, the want of young ladies was very perceptible, the majority of the dancers being composed of frisky matrons. Towards the close of the entertainment, this circumstance occasioned rather a paucity of partners; and, in many instances, young mothers with a truly laudable feeling of self-denial, renounced the pleasures of the dance, and retired very early to look after their young families. The courage of one young Haytian

matron deserved especially to be admired. Being asked to dance towards the close of the evening, she flatly refused, on the score that she was obliged to go home and suckle her child! The candour of the avowal was the more refreshing, as, by her tone and manner, it was evidently unaccompanied by the least feeling of impropriety on her part. She had a necessary duty to perform, and very naturally supposed it false modesty to conceal the fact, however much opposed to European notions of etiquette.

The style of dancing very much resembles that in vogue in all tropical countries, the heat of the climate precluding those rapid circumvolutions which are the peculiar characteristic of English balls. There is one national dance, however; and a very stupid one it is. It goes by the name of "Les Carabiniers." Whence its derivation does not appear, as it is the least martial dance that can possibly be imagined. If the reader can fancy some twenty couples placed vis-à-vis to each other, and see-sawing themselves from one leg to the other like so many children, he may form

some idea of the grotesque character of the performance. The difficulty, as may be supposed, consists not in dancing, but in restraining one's laughter. It is said that even now this is the orthodox mode among the country people of making love to each other. If so, the operation must be far more comical than romantic.

Before we finally take leave of Hayti and the Haytians, it may not be amiss to say a few words upon its past history and future political prospects. If we except perhaps Mexico, or some of the South American republics, the history of few countries presents such an interminable series of revolutions, usurpations, and anarchy, as that of Hayti, in the short period that it has existed as an independent nation. Exposed at first to all the horrors of a servile war, then alternately suffering under the effects of military despotism and territorial partition, it has never known what it is to possess the blessings of a stable government. The wise administration of Toussaint l'Ouverture was of such short-lived duration that it can hardly be said to have had any material

influence on the country at large. After his treacherous capture by the French, Hayti became for two or three years a prey to the perfidy and cruelty of its invaders; till, on their expulsion in 1804, Dessalines, the successful coadjutor of Toussaint l'Ouverture, proclaimed himself Emperor. On his assassination in 1806, a civil war arose between Christophe and Petion, the two most powerful chieftains remaining, which ended in the division of the whole island into five different states and kingdoms. By this arrangement Christophe became king of the north, under the name of Henri; Petion ruled over Port-au-Prince and the adjacent country as President of the Haytian Republic; and the east and south became the prey of three other minor chieftains. This state of things lasted till 1820, when King Henry, in consequence of his infamous cruelties, having been compelled to commit suicide, General Boyer, who had succeeded Petion in 1818 as President, annexed his kingdom to the territory of the Republic. Pursuing his victorious career, Boyer succeeded, in less than ten years, in re-

uniting the whole island, including the Spanish part, under one government.

In 1843 President Boyer was driven from power by a political intrigue, and no doubt his resignation greatly influenced the determination of the Dominicans to throw off the Haytian yoke, for the year after they revolted, giving as a pretext the non-performance, on the part of the Haytians, of certain conditions relative to the emigration of white persons which had been agreed to by the Treaty of Union. Since that time, notwithstanding the attempts of Soulouque and the Spanish Government to reduce them to subjection, they have successfully established their independence. To Boyer succeeded, in the short space of three years, no less than five presidents: Rivier, Guerrier, Pierrot, Richet, and Soulouque. The latter, originally a slave, had risen to the rank of general in the Haytian army. In that capacity he had been raised to the presidency through the instrumentality of Senator Ardouin, one of the most talented as well as ambitious statesmen that the country has pro-

duced. But Ardouin little knew what a Frankenstein he was creating when he procured the election of Soulouque. Ere two years passed, the simple and unlettered General, with the deepest dissimulation, and without the least suspicion on the part of his wily colleague, planned and contrived the coup-d'état of 1848, since followed out in all its details with so much success by the present Emperor of the French. On the subversion of the Republic and the proclamation of the Empire, Soulouque's first act was to seize his prime minister and counsellor, and, as a return for his services, there and then to shoot him. This was only the signal of the commencement of a new reign of terror, and was immediately followed by a wholesale system of proscriptions, unknown since the time of Christophe. Under the guidance of Ardouin and Soulouque, the Black Party, always numerically the strongest, regained the ascendancy in Hayti. Hence the brutishness, ignorance, and ferocity of the late government; hence the exclusiveness and jealousy which has formed so effectual a bar to all political regeneration.

In conjunction with the preponderance of the Black Party, the enormous debt, under which the finances of the country have laboured, must also be taken into consideration. This debt, incurred by the State to compensate French planters for their losses in 1793, originally amounted, under the treaty of 1825, to 150,000,000 francs; but in 1838, it being found that the revenues of the country were totally unable to support such a burden, the debt then remaining of 120,000,000 francs was reduced by Louis Philippe to one half; i.e. 60,000,000f., or £2,400,000. Of this debt, at the present day, there still remains some £1,120,000; a sum the interest of which alone is no small tax upon an exchequer whose yearly receipts scarcely amount to £200,000. But this of itself is not the worst side of the financial question. Partly through the decrease of trade, partly through peculation, and mainly through the extravagance of Soulouque's government, which necessitated the debasement of the coinage to keep pace with the reckless issue and consequent depreciation of the paper currency,

the Haytian dollar has, since 1840, steadily fallen in value at the rate of $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum. Even at that time, supposing it to have been originally worth as much as the Spanish dollar, it had depreciated more than 64 per cent. of its primary value. At the present moment it has fallen to 94 per cent.; or, in other words, the coin which was once worth 4s. 2d. is now worth only $2\frac{3}{4}$d. A state of finance so nearly verging on national bankruptcy is of itself an unmitigated evil; but when the little revenue that remains after paying off the interest of the French indemnity, is principally expended in keeping up an enormous military establishment of some 30,000 men (entirely disproportionate to the wants of a population of at most 500,000 souls), it follows that such items as the development of the mineral or agricultural resources of the country, the education of the people, and the prosecution of public works, are very inadequately provided for in the financial budget.

Here again the jealousy of white interference operates materially to the disadvantage of the

country. If the government had wished to consult the national interest, they would at once have thrown open the mineral wealth of the island, which is known to be very considerable, to foreign competition, merely stipulating for a portion of the profits to be obtained. But, like the covetous old woman in the fairy tale who cut up the golden goose to get the eggs, the policy of the government in this respect has hitherto been so grasping, that the terms offered have been even too unreasonable for an American Company to accept. Again, the morbid dread of interference has hitherto stood in the way of the repeal of the absurd law which peremptorily denies to the white resident the power of possessing or acquiring property on the island. What is the consequence? Why, that the white merchant, if he wishes to hold property, holds it in the name of a third person on good security; and that the only effect of the law is to deprive the State of a number of naturalized citizens, whose industry and energy would tend to increase the trade and commerce of the country, and colonize

the interior, which, since the expulsion of the French, has for the most part returned to its primeval state, perhaps the richest and most luxuriant wilderness in the world!

The opposition of Soulouque to all reforms is intelligible enough; but his extension of this principle to every new invention which did not pander to his avarice or luxury, showed an indifference to the wants of his people not to be excused even by the plea of interference with his own pleasures and interests. The following anecdote will amusingly illustrate his dislike of innovation. At all seasons of the year the streets of Port-au-Prince are more or less dusty. To remedy this inconvenience, an ingenious Yankee patented a new species of water-cart, especially suited for the climate and country; and having imported it at no small expense, obtained leave from his Imperial Majesty to exhibit the machine before the palace. On the day appointed he paraded up and down before the palace with his new cart; and, seeing a smile on the monarch's countenance, was already beginning to congra-

tulate himself on its success, when, to his disgust, Soulouque turned round and observed that "he thought it would do very well to water his potatoes."

It may be observed that if the government has been badly administered, its shortcomings before the time of Soulouque at least cannot be laid to the charge of the people. The contrary, however, is unfortunately the case. Party factions in England, even with an enlightened public opinion to keep them in order, are sometimes destructive to all good government; but in Hayti, where parties are divided by colour rather than by opinion, where passions are unrestrained, and brute ignorance largely predominates, the antipathies and bitter feelings existing between the coloured men and their black brethren, between the educated few and the ignorant mass, too often make all government impossible, except that of military despotism.

It was a saying of Napoleon, that if you rubbed the Cossack hard enough, you must come eventually to the Tartar. Apply this saying to

the inhabitants of Hayti, and you have the key to their character. Take off the general's cocked hat and epaulets, give him a hoe and set him to work in a plantation, and the Maroon Negro is perceptible at once. Tear away the lace and gilding, and you have the grinning savage. Whet his appetite with a little blood, and Haytian history tells us that he will kill, mutilate, and torture in a fashion that would be worthy of his African ancestors. Dessalines and Christophe excelled even Nero and Domitian in wholesale cruelty. Indeed, but for the native indolence and natural mild character of the inhabitants, their quarrels would long ago have turned the island into a slaughter-house. Even as it is, the revolutions of the last half-century, terminating with the proscriptions and conscriptions of the late government, have materially interfered with the increase of the population. The number of the inhabitants is now about 700,000 in the whole island, of which perhaps 500,000 belong to Hayti: a population certainly not larger than that which existed

before the expulsion of the French, and, in proportion to the relative sizes of the two islands, just about one-tenth as large as that of Ireland.

Where are we then to look for the signs of that social regeneration, if, unfortunately, the reforms of the new government should prove unsuccessful? At present, the world is only cognisant of the fact that a free black state has existed for the last fifty years, with every advantage of congenial climate and soil, and has during that time been left in the free enjoyment of its own government. What more favourable circumstances could the abolitionist wish for to prove his theory of the black man's capacity for self-government? And what as yet has been the result of the experiment? Put political considerations entirely aside, and let us merely consider whether the material interests, or individual self-improvement of the nation at large, have in the slightest degree progressed. A moment's reflection will convince us to the contrary.

Within the last thirty years, trade has fallen off, food and labour have become dearer. The

population is less, the revenue is smaller, the imports and exports are diminished, the finances of the country are in anything but a flourishing state—in one word, the tendency of the nation has been to stand still, if not to go back. It is an historical fact that it was far richer, far more prosperous, far more useful to the world at large, before the expulsion of the French and the abolition of slavery.

The same disagreeable inference which forces itself upon the traveller in Jamaica comes home to him also in St. Domingo. Comparisons are always invidious, but never more so than when made between the present and past state of these islands. Let us, however, hope that the turning point has been reached, and that with the new Republic a better state of things has been inaugurated. One thing is certain—the ascendancy of the coloured race is the country's only salvation. On it, as the enlightened part of the nation, must depend the introduction and carrying out of all reforms; and, first of all, the repeal of the law which excludes naturalized foreigners

from holding property, or participating in the government. Without a very large admixture of white blood, it is very certain that neither peace, industry, nor energy will ever take up its abode in Hayti. The present Government has hardly yet had a fair trial; but should the nation, through its own fault, or through the folly and wickedness of its rulers, again sink into the state of semi-barbarism that it has only just recovered from, then slowly and surely will the conviction gain ground, the truth of which has more than once forced itself on men's minds; namely, that moderate subordination to the white man is essential to the happiness of the negro, if he is to become a useful and industrious member of the society in which he lives.

A RIDE IN BARBARY.

A RIDE IN BARBARY.

THAT one of the most beautiful corners of the world, enriched with every gift of climate and soil—the mother of a race who, in former days, were at once the inventors and patrons of many sciences since matured by European civilization—should have been called Barbary, is one of those contradictory anomalies of which the fierce relentless wars and slave-seeking bigotry of Moor and Christian can alone afford an explanation. The meagre education, bigoted prejudices, and limited means of travelling at the command of our ancestors, might well excuse the misnomer, at a time when the Moor, spoiled of his property, driven into exile, or burnt as a heretic, avenged but a small portion of his wrongs by cruel reprisals on Christian vessels; but that the implied ignorance of our ancestors should actually exist

in this age of Livingstones and Burtons—nay, that our knowledge of the government and resources of so fertile a portion of the world should not have increased since the time when the present Consul-General's father, on proceeding to his post, was emphatically urged by the Foreign Secretary "to take care, above all, to keep up a good understanding with the head of the government at Constantinople," is the more remarkable when we consider the meddling policy which has distinguished our Government of late years. Such ignorance, nevertheless, exists with regard to the Empire of Morocco. Its people, its customs, its manners, its soil and mineral wealth, though within three hours' steam of Gibraltar, are, with the exception of the seaport towns, as much a sealed book to our politicians as the interior of Borneo or the wilds of Madagascar. Even among our most intelligent countrymen it is common to find men divided in opinion whether Morocco belongs to the Turks, or forms part of French conquests in Algeria. Some again have a kind of an idea that the

Emperor is a tributary to the Porte, and, like the old Dey of Algiers, governs nothing but a kingdom of burning deserts and howling wildernesses, inhabited by wild Arabs or fierce Corsairs; whilst few give him the credit for being the despotic sovereign of a rich and fruitful country, flowing with milk and honey; of a people both generous and proud, possessing a lively sense of their former grandeur, and only wanting a good government, and security for life and property, to become the noble race they once were.

We all know that Gibraltar is divided from Africa by a channel hardly so wide as that between Dover and Calais; yet few, who have not made the voyage, realize what a distance it seems in comparison. Religion, manners, character, and associations are not more different between pole and pole; and when the castle-girt rock of Ceuta is passed, and the ship first anchors in the Bay of Tetuan, it almost seems as if the traveller had passed from an old world to a new. The cool serenity of the atmosphere, the wild luxuriant

verdure of the valley, the apparent absence of all human habitation, save the solitary Moorish tower on the beach, and the view of the minarets of Tetuan, half hid among the slopes of the lofty hills around, reflecting the midday sun, seem rather to denote one of those enchanted spots of which the "Arabian Nights" give so glowing a description. Nor is the illusion dispelled when, after oft-repeated signals, two boats full of turbaned sailors put off from the shore, and, with stealthy oar and imperturbable countenance, approach the ship. In a few minutes the vessel is boarded, a scramble ensues for baggage and passengers, and then, after three-quarters of an hour's alternate pulling and towing, we are brought opposite a primitive custom-house, about ten yards from the banks of the Tetuan river.

Our own party consists of four; then there is an English family—husband, wife, and child. The wife undoubtedly belongs to the strong-minded order of women; has a great deal to say for herself, has lived and grumbled apparently in every part of the world, and is alto-

gether one of those impracticable Amazons who are never satisfied unless they monopolize the attention of all around them, and exact the studious self-denial of every bodily comfort from the other sex; while the husband, a valetudinarian in search of health, is a pattern of obedience to his wife, and, but for her presence, would be an agreeable companion enough. Add a Jew, by no means belying his nation in face, dirt, or impudence—mix up the whole with two stately Moors and a half-caste Algerine, and you have the ingredients of our motley company. For better protection against the marauding bands of "the faithful," we are handed over to the care of two mounted warriors in white flowing robes, armed with blunt swords and perfectly useless flint matchlocks; and are thus marched up, some on horses, some on foot, and some on mule back, along six miles of a beaten track, to the gates of "the city of many fountains."

As we advanced into the town, the Emperor himself could not have had a more gratifying

reception. Grave Moors, frowzy Jews, and swarms of dirty ill-clad children, paused with astonishment, or crowded round about us in the hopes of gaining some solid advantage by their attentions; and the curiosity of the women, especially in the Jewish quarter, might be judged from the dots of raven locks that furtively peeped out of every casement in the narrow streets. That they should excite so much astonishment is undoubtedly flattering to Europeans, but at the same time may be easily accounted for. In 1770, an Englishman accidentally shot a Moor; and true to the principles of a paternal government, this was thought so grave an offence by the reigning Emperor, Zedy Mohammed, that not only were all strangers expelled from the town, but, till very lately, not even a single foreign consul has been permitted to reside there. This prohibition had, within the last two years, been rescinded in favour of the then vice-consul, Mr. Hay; but any permanent settlement of Europeans would without doubt be still regarded with a certain jealousy.

At daybreak the following morning, Erzerri, the Moor, and his steward, Cassim, came to bid our friend Mr. G. a hearty welcome. The old man apologized for not being able to accompany us over his grounds himself, on the plea that he was about to start immediately with the Emperor's sons on a pilgrimage to Mecca; but gave his steward a *carte-blanche* to show us over his houses, gardens, and establishment—a permission that, not excepting his own "harem," was most liberally interpreted. After paying a visit to the Governor, lionizing the town, and loading ourselves with curiosities before starting for Tangiers, we accepted Cassim's invitation to attend, in one of his master's immense orange groves, what might have been termed a Moorish conversazione. As in the capacity of infidels we should be debarred from it in the next world, we thought it incumbent upon us to taste for once the terrestrial representation of the future abode of the faithful, if only to realize the beau ideal of Moorish happiness. Here, stretched amidst shady groves of ripe

and golden fruit, listening to the bubbling water and the monotonous chant of the Moorish minstrels, forgetful of care and indifferent to futurity, it required no stretch of imagination to fancy oneself in the possession of the acme of human happiness. How long we should have remained in this state it would have been difficult to say, had not Cassim, stirred by the cravings of his stomach, urged us to return by sunset, when the fast of Ramadan may be broken with impunity.

In England, a traveller may make his dispositions for a journey the day he starts; for, as a bachelor, barring accidents and excursion trains, he is pretty certain that half an hour will be the limit of any delay; but if he makes the same calculation in Morocco, he will assuredly count without his host. "First catch your hare," is here changed into "First catch your Jew." Then, like an old fisherman, you must go warily to work; land him quietly. Don't affect any great eagerness about getting off in the morning, because, in proportion to the anxiety displayed, will the dif-

ficulty of obtaining animals increase. The horses will be grazing ten miles outside of the town, and a whole day will be required to bring them in; or a rebellion will have just broken out at the other side of the empire, and every available animal will have been seized for the service of the Sultan; nor, unless Jew be skilfully played against Jew, will the distance be shortened, or the rebellion extinguished, by any other means than by the plentiful administration of the sovereign remedy for all such difficulties—the almighty dollar. Again, if the traveller be in a hurry, Moorish dignity must not be hurt by any sudden demand for an escort. Anything under a twenty-four hours' application to the governor will assuredly bring down the condign punishment of a six hours' delay; for Moors are no more to be driven to action than unwilling horses to water. In our case, it might not have been unreasonably supposed that, supported as we were by the authorities, and aided by the sagacity and influence of Mr. G——, in the capital of one of the provinces of the empire, with a population

of 30,000, twelve hours would in all conscience have been sufficient to obtain a loan of four horses and one baggage mule, together with the services of a soldier. The event proved we were mistaken. It had been arranged that we were to start at seven in the morning—at eight, two indifferent animals had made their appearance. At nine, a dreadful report was purposely spread about that no more animals were to be procured for love or money, in consequence of the late heavy demands for travelling purposes; and another hour passed before we succeeded, by dint of persuasion and threats, in making up the required complement with three sorry mules. Solomon Nahum, our innkeeper, with a keen eye to business, was confidently waiting till our impatience should raise the market; but a reminder from Mr. G—— that any extortion or unnecessary delay would form the subject of a complaint to Mr. Hay, the Consul General, and would inevitably be followed by a withdrawal of British protection, soon brought him to his senses. This valuable privilege (for in

point of fact it secures the enjoyment of life and property) has, as in Smyrna and other ports of the Turkish empire, been by degrees introduced into Morocco. The custom of allowing foreigners to be tried by their own laws, and under the jurisdiction of their own consuls, which has been tacitly admitted by the Emperor, has given rise to a usurped right on the part of the consuls to afford the protection of a foreign flag to any of his own subjects they think proper—a power which, in many cases, has been most grossly abused. But we are digressing. The arrival of the mules had by no means put an end to our difficulties. As the governor had not had timely notice of our departure, we had to wait another hour at the gate till our escort of one soldier arrived. Then he had to fetch his horse and accoutrements; so that, what with the delay of going for them, and the small value at which Christian time appeared to be held by all classes of his Imperial Majesty's subjects, it was full mid-day before we fairly got off.

These guardians of the road in Morocco seem

to do the double work of gendarmes and militiamen, upon half the pay they would receive anywhere else. Although our own "fidus Achates" was a tailor by trade, his fine appearance and easy seat in the saddle decidedly belied his profession; at the same time, it must be owned that the absence of flint in his gun-lock, and the notches and rust on his sword, promised but poor security against robbers, if the excellence of his arms and the knowledge of their use had anything to do with it.

As the finances of Morocco are not capable of supporting a larger standing army than 8000 cavalry, the police and militia are almost entirely raised in the old feudal manner of exacting military service instead of rent for the occupation of crown lands. Principally composed of cavalry, ill-mounted, badly equipped, and wretchedly paid, it will be long ere the troops of the Emperor are in a condition to cope with disciplined Europeans. If properly led, the courage of the Moorish troops is second to none; but internal discords, bad organization, and wholesale corruption, must,

as in 1859-60, prove fatal, in the event of a foreign invasion; and nobody knows that better than the Moors themselves.

Poets and novelists have written of the glories of Spain and the beauties of the Andalusian climate; but their pictures of the sunny south would not have suffered had they, in those days, unmindful of pirates and despots, crossed the straits, and enlivened their descriptions with a few touches of Barbary scenery, drawn from a day's ride between Tetuan and Tangiers. To the east of the city, reaching far into the interior, the lofty hills of the province of Reef divide the soft luxuriant vale and winding stream of Tetuan from the wilder portions of the continent, and apparently mark the limit between barbarism and civilization; whilst, a little further on, the well-defined outline of the Atlas range on the north, relieved by the undulating slopes on the opposite side, here and there covered with a thick bush, a solitary hut, or a half-cultivated patch of ground, gives a pleasing mixture of natural wildness and artistic beauty. To the sportsman, as to the

artist, the country round about presents numerous attractions; though, of course, the further he penetrates, the more sport he obtains. Nevertheless, partridges may, with the help of a dog, be shot in abundance within a mile of the city walls; and the absence of wild-boar in the Moorish "cuisine" as an article of food, together with the comparative rarity of a garrison battue from Gibraltar, are necessarily favourable to the increase of game. Quails at certain seasons of the year; wild-boar, hares, and foxes, at all times; and a pack of hounds at Tangiers, are additional incentives to an itinerant sportsman to try his luck; and those who are sufficiently adventurous, and are not romantically in love with the deeds of Monsieur Jules Gerard, would do well to consider whether Morocco is not a more promising hunting-ground than Algeria.

A jog-trot of fifteen miles brought us in sight of our first halting-place—a low square building, surrounded with corridors, open in the centre and roofed at the sides, unpaved, and to all appear-

ance abominably filthy. This sorry accommodation for man and beast had been lately erected by the government, in consequence of increased traffic on the road, but with a total disregard, as far as fleas, bugs, and dirt were concerned, to European prejudices.

It being the month of Ramadan, at the earnest solicitation of our fasting escort, we seriously considered the expediency of halting for the night; but a well-founded idea of a bad night's rest in our present quarters induced us to proceed. Four hours more found us still a couple of leagues from Tangiers; and as the prospect of a supperless bivouac seemed every moment more and more imminent, a council of war was held as to the course to be pursued. It was proposed that our guide should ride on to Tangiers and keep the gates open for us; but to this he at once objected, on the plea of our defenceless position.—"How could he look our mothers in the face at the day of judgment, when they should all stand before Allah and demand account of our blood?" The argument was of course

unanswerable. Luckily for us, it at last occurred to him that there was an Arab encampment within a mile, where eggs and milk could be procured; so, turning our horses' heads, we made the best of our way to these primitive dwellings. Hut is hardly the term to apply to the ragged and tumble-down habitations of these sons of the Desert. Something between a Kaffre kraal and an Irish cabin, with a double addition of dirt and vermin, would perhaps more accurately describe them. As we advanced into the encampment, a hoary old chief, almost naked, more resembling an ourang-outang than a human being, came out to receive us.

"Welcome, O Nazarene, to the tents of the faithful. The Arab is poor, the Christian is rich. We have not gold or silver to offer you, but such as Allah has given us is at your service."

Suiting the action to the word, he returned presently with an enormous bowl of milk, two dozen of eggs, and some coarse oily bread resembling linseed cake, whilst some of his tribe

speedily lighted a fire, and swept out an old hut for our reception. There was the usual amount of bargaining to be gone through. The crops had of course failed the previous year, and his lord the Sultan had required an unusual number of presents to carry on the war against the rebels; so, after a deal of haggling, we agreed to pay the moderate price of two shillings a head for our night's entertainment, which was readily accepted in the shape of backsheesh—the theory of Arab hospitality not permitting the smallest remuneration. After a hearty meal, we disposed ourselves round the fire in true camp state, and listened to the following story, told by our host with all the eloquence of native dignity. The cunning fellow knew we were Englishmen, and wished to excite our resentment against the French, whose close proximity the Moors naturally regard with mingled feelings of jealousy and fear:—

Mohammed ben Amer was a shereef of distinguished family and untarnished reputation. An adept in the use of arms, and profoundly read in

all the doctrines of the Koran, he combined the qualities of a soldier with the knowledge of a scholar, and added to the refinement of a courtier all the devotion of a dervish. Fate had decreed him a handsome wife, had blessed him with the favour of the Sultan and the friendship of all those who knew him, and nought remained to fulfil his earthly career, but to secure his future happiness by a pilgrimage to Mecca. Alone, and on foot, he set out towards the frontiers of the French territory, intending to make his way, according to the usual custom, across the African continent to Suez. Arrived at the first French outpost, without any reason being assigned, he was rudely seized, stripped of his money and clothes, and, though a true descendant of the Prophet, was thus openly insulted and unjustly detained. In vain he remonstrated, in vain he protested his innocence of all hostile intentions towards the Christians. French credulity was not thus to be imposed upon. He was a spy, and had been sent by the Emperor to organize a rebellion among the lately subdued

Kabyles. Week after week of dreary confinement passed. His supplications and entreaties to be set at liberty were rejected with scorn, nor was it till after the lapse of two months, that, spoiled of his property, his creed insulted, and his person outraged, he was escorted as a common felon, and set loose without form or trial—a beggar in the streets of Algeria. His application to the Governor General for redress was attended with no better success; his wrongs were ridiculed, his grievances disbelieved, till at last, wearied by his importunity, a tardy passage was offered to him in a French vessel to Tangiers; and the illustrious pilgrim set sail for his native land, swearing by the beard of the Prophet that before two moons should pass he would obtain compensation, or avenge his wrongs. At Tangiers he lost no time in addressing himself to the French Consul. With flashing eye and beating heart he told his story; he dwelt upon the illegality of his arrest, the infringement of national and individual right, the outrage to the sanctity of his religious character; and lastly, he depicted

in glowing terms the iniquity of his spoliation, concluding by an appeal to Allah, as witness to the truth of his statement. What right could not justify, diplomacy endeavoured to explain. For weeks he received evasive answers to all his demands, till at last, maddened by the sense of his wrongs, and his inability to obtain redress, he sallied out one morning with the full intention of seizing the first opportunity to revenge himself. At a fountain in the market-place, there happened to be seated a Frenchman, watching with the curiosity of a stranger the busy scene before him. A sudden fury seemed to take possession of the unfortunate Mohammed. "Did not the Koran command that all idolaters should be slain, and had not his beard been laughed at, and the Prophet's grave defiled by the accursed infidels? There was one at least of the Christian dogs on whom he could avenge himself." In a moment of frenzy he drew his dagger, and, before the bystanders could interfere, he rushed upon the unfortunate Frenchman and stabbed him to the heart.

The sequel of the story is soon told. Notwith-

standing the rank of the accused, it was impossible that so glaring an outrage, committed in broad daylight, should be allowed to pass unnoticed, without serious detriment to French influence and power. Prompt satisfaction was demanded, and although, through the connivance of the authorities, Mohammed contrived for some time to evade justice, he was at length seized, tried, and condemned. It is the custom in Morocco to conceal from the criminal not only the sentence, but the time and mode of carrying it out. On this occasion, in consequence of the high rank of the prisoner, the son of the Governor of Tangiers was commissioned to carry it into effect, and the execution was ordered to take place on the spot where the murder had been committed. Armed with a small pocket-pistol, the young man went into the prisoner's cell, and, telling him that he was the bearer of joyful news, and that ample compensation for the loss of his property would shortly be made, persuaded him to walk to the French Consul's house, avowedly to make his request in person. Their way lay

across the market-place, and, as they passed the fatal spot, without word or notice, the unsuspecting victim received his mortal wound.

The story of his wrongs was not, however, thus to perish. From mouth to mouth, from ear to ear, the tale was quickly spread, and that sympathy denied him in life was extended to him when dead. From every part of the country, men, women, and children of all classes hastened to pay their vows near the tomb of their new and cherished martyr, whose punishment they regarded as an insult to the religion of the Prophet, wrung by French menace from the fears of a weak government.

"There," concluded our host, pointing towards Tangiers, "in the Moorish cemetery, on the hill overlooking the town, a monument has since been raised to French injustice and misguided zeal, which a Christian may look upon with pity, and a true believer approach with respect."

The distant sound of thunder rumbling along the whole length of the Atlas chain, and the low moan of the western breeze as it swept by, had

interrupted at intervals the latter part of the story. Big drops of rain and vivid flashes of sheet lightning now warned us of the necessity of shelter from the impending storm; and, huddling into the wretched hut, we composed ourselves as best we could amidst the roaring of the tempest, to dream of the untoward fate of Mohammed, the Moorish martyr. Three hours of nightmare, in which hard-boiled eggs, unleavened bread, fleas, and stray drops of rain all played their part, did not impress us with a pleasing recollection of Arab board and lodging; and it was with something of real pleasure that, at four in the morning, we found that the weather had sufficiently cleared up to enable us once more to proceed on our journey. The bad state of the road from the storm of the previous night impeded us not a little, so that it was not till half-past eight the same morning that we arrived at Tangiers.

Tangiers is just one of those nondescript towns which one might suppose that a succession of governments and a variety of contending

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influences would produce. The honeycombed guns, supported by the antique tumble-down walls, which the English neglected to blow up when they evacuated the city in 1684, are rather a caricature of the strength of a fortress two centuries back, than an actual protection to the town. As for regularity or symmetry of architecture, Tangiers possesseth it not. Indeed, in many instances the gradual growth of European tastes has transformed the cool colonnades and open halls so remarkable in oriental architecture, into a bad copy of the European style, with most of its defects and none of its beauties. The chrysalis state of the town is perhaps most striking in the varied nomenclature and proportions of the streets. Victoria-street, Rue Louis Napoleon, and Calle de la Reina Isabella, reciprocate in close proximity the "entente cordiale" of their respective sovereigns; whilst the curious stranger, who wends his way amongst by-lanes and alleys, whose dilapidated pavement and ill-drained surface would do honour to the worst quarter of Constantinople, will find

himself suddenly emerging into something like the broad expanse of a European street, unsheltered from the burning heat of a southern sun. Sight-seeing and Moorish gravity are hardly consistent; and the European element is not sufficiently large to make the want of a theatre or place of evening amusement generally felt. To the botanist, however, the immense gardens, the property of the different foreign consuls, will not be without a certain interest; and to the lover of scenery, the magnificent view from the Moorish cemetery over the Straits on one side, and the Atlantic on the other, backed by the romantic defile where our English ancestors are said to have fought and won their last battle with the Moors, is well worth a passing visit; but the traveller who flatters himself into the belief that he will see in Tangiers a Moorish town will be bitterly disappointed.

Our creature comforts having been consulted at the only hotel of the town, kept by a Scotch lady (a circumstance which perhaps may account for its being so moderate and clean), we set

about discovering the next steamer to Gibraltar. Luckily the identical boat that took us over to Tetuan was advertised to sail the next morning at eight; so we found no difficulty in obtaining a passage, and thus bringing to a termination a most agreeable excursion.

PRISON LIFE IN PARIS.

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SOME time back I had an opportunity, not often accorded, of visiting the various gaols of the French metropolis. Fortified with a *permis*, duly signed by the Prefect of the Police, we first bent our steps to the Conciergerie. In appearance it strongly reminds one of an entrance to some large catacomb, extending for miles under ground, and this belief is strongly supported by the low tortuous passages through which you are at first conducted. The prison, as may be supposed, does not enjoy much daylight; and, from its liability to damp, is not the most wholesome place in the world. However, as it has now entirely ceased to be used for political purposes, and is merely kept up as a House of Detention for prisoners awaiting trial, the shortness of the imprisonment (seldom

exceeding three weeks) prevents any injury to health, if even any danger might be feared. At the time of our visit, the number of male prisoners (for no women are allowed anywhere except at the prison of St. Lazare) was about eighty; and, if one was to judge by their countenances, there seemed to be little cause of complaint.

As in England, immediately on entrance, a prisoner is washed and shaved, with the exception that, as far as the hair is concerned, more respect is paid to the prisoner's personal appearance than with ourselves. Amusement and occupation are both liberally afforded during the time he is awaiting trial. Books and a variety of trades are at his disposal, if he pleases to work—idleness, if he don't please; but as the possession of money procures some small extra luxuries, such as a pint bottle of wine, or a little snuff or tobacco, there are few that can work who are unwilling to take their chance of an additional 10 sous a day to their scanty purse.

To our English ideas of roast beef and plum pudding, two meals a day—the breakfast at nine

and dinner at three—seem a small allowance for twenty-four hours; but the French authorities are of opinion—and they certainly have justice on their side—that prisoners ought not to be fed better, or even so well, as the labouring classes and agricultural population of the country generally. So far, indeed, do they carry this principle, that in the prisons for convicts they make not the slightest difference in diet between those sentenced to imprisonment for two or three weeks or for two or three years—the same pound-and-a-half of bread, with peas, rice, beans, lentils, and potatoes, are daily served out to all, with the exception that, on Thursdays and Sundays, a ration of half-a-pound to three-quarters of a pound of meat is added; such luxuries as cocoa, milk, tea, sugar, or anything like full meat diet, being entirely unknown in any prison in Paris.

As we were foreigners, and withal English, it was thought a necessary tribute to our national reputation for heroine worship, to show us Marie Antoinette's boudoir, which contained two pic-

tures: the one, her "Reception of the Last Sacrament;" the other, her "Progress to the Scaffold;" and, still farther on, the dining-room of the Girondins, now used to refresh the soul instead of the body. Service is here performed every day at 10 A.M.; and this religious discipline appears to stand in lieu of any other education, for neither schools nor schoolmasters are thought necessary by the authorities to the moral improvement or instruction of adult prisoners.

Curious to see a French debtor's prison, we next drove to the Rue de Clichy, which just at that time possessed a peculiar interest, from the fact that an unfortunate American gentleman had been shot down by one of the sentries for not leaving a window when ordered to do so.

A clatter of billiard balls, a stale smell of bad tobacco, and a general appearance of long beards, and absence of soap and water, greeted our senses on entrance. The prison, whatever may be the internal state of its atmosphere, rooms, and staircases, is large enough for all intents and purposes. It is divided into two compartments, one

holding about one hundred and sixty male prisoners, the other eight lady debtors—a proportion that in France speaks clearly in favour of women being best able to manage their own affairs, or at least to bamboozle their husbands into paying their debts. Idleness and disorder seem here to reign paramount, though we observed that some of the dormitories, especially those belonging to Russians, were fitted up with some taste. We expressed a wish to our conductor to be allowed to see one of our own countrymen's rooms; but perceived at once, by his answer, that we had committed an indiscretion; for we were told that the tenacity of Englishmen in considering their room as their castle was here as forcibly demonstrated as elsewhere. The law obliges creditors to allow their prisoners one franc a day. This, though not a very liberal allowance, is sufficiently ample to afford them some small comforts; for the rest, the regulations are much the same as in English prisons for debt.

Another quarter of an hour's jolting in the fiacre, and we suddenly pull up before an immense

pile of buildings, with "Messieurs, voilà St. Lazare!" This enormous prison contains all the convicted women in Paris, as well as girls under sixteen years of age, who, though not guilty of crime, may be found leading a vagabond life, and is capable of holding as many as 1500. The girls' reformatory school is conducted under the superintendence of Sœurs de Charité, who, at a yearly salary of 600 francs (24*l.*), perform the duties of schoolmistresses. Two meals a day, the one at eight and the other at two, with precisely the same diet as in the Conciergerie and the other prisons in Paris; two hours' education for young girls, and one to two hours' recreation and exercise, form the daily discipline of this establishment. Variety of trades, such as needlework, spinning, picking cocoa-nibs; permission to read selected books on religion, history, and travels; and the possibility of gaining the moiety of all the work that is finished—are the reliefs to the general monotony, and the inducements to industry and good conduct. Here, as we found everywhere through-

out Paris, except for those under age, there was no recognised school for the education of adults, nor did there seem to be any attempt to teach them such trades as might be useful to them hereafter. Labour, with both girls and adults, is of course compulsory; and, whilst at work, the silent system is professedly put strictly in force, though in practice it is by no means carried out. The general arrangement of the infirmary and dormitories seems to speak well for the cleanliness of the prison and the health of the patients; and the fact that no prisoner has ever succeeded in effecting her escape is very creditable to the vigilance of the prison authorities. An inspection of the cuisine and general bakery, if only for its size, was quite worth the trouble. That which struck us most was, that so economical a nation as the French should go to the expense of hiring cooks and bakers for their prisoners, when their soldiers are not only compelled to cook for themselves, but for the most part make their own clothes and shoes.

We especially observed that the countenances

of the prisoners were generally exceedingly repulsive; and when it is taken into consideration that one-fourth of the inmates were women of bad reputation, principally recruited from the streets, this appears the more extraordinary, and can only be accounted for by supposing that they voluntarily retire to prison when too old and ugly to follow their infamous profession. Refractory conduct in prison is not so common as with ourselves; a fact which, perhaps, may be accounted for by the light punishments generally inflicted in all French prisons. Stoppage of rations, and eight days' solitary confinement on bread and water, sound puerile in contrast with our whippings and treadmills; but experience proves that small punishments have far more effect in subduing the combative propensities of both Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, than they would possess with us.

On leaving St. Lazare, we turned our horses' heads towards the Bicêtre, the Bedlam of Paris, distant rather more than a mile from the barriers. This enormous establishment, till within the last

few years used as a prison, was being considerably enlarged, under the superintendence of the Government, which has taken the management of its funds entirely into its own hands, whether derived from private property, charitable sources, or State bounty. Healthily situated in the environs of Paris, it has the threefold merit of feeding, educating, and preserving, at a small expense, a happy family of old paupers, idiot boys, lunatics, and criminal madmen; and so admirable are the arrangements for its management, that the inmates of the different parts of the establishment never interfere with each other Eight hundred and fifty madmen, a hundred and thirty boys, and two thousand two hundred and fifty paupers, besides criminal lunatics, in all about three thousand three hundred, were maintained there. To the paupers, comfort, and even luxury, is liberally afforded. Each with a room to himself, a diet of 4oz. of meat, 1½lb. of bread, a quarter of a pint of wine, and vegetables daily, a good hospital, a pleasure ground, a library, and a school-room, the happiness of their declining

years is amply secured. In the hospital, the cleanliness and attention shown to the patients are worthy of every praise. Above each sick-bed hangs a rope, with a handle of wood attached, to enable a weak or bed-ridden patient to pull himself up without assistance; and fixed to the bottom of the bedstead is a drawer to contain all his necessaries and clothes. As in Bedlam, the lunatics are divided into three sets, the quiet, those who are at times refractory, and the dangerous; but little or no compulsion is used, mildness of treatment being enjoined as well as practised, and only in extreme cases is the strait-waistcoat put on. On entering the dangerous ward, almost as the door opened, we were startled by a most frightful scream, which disconcerted even our conductor. On turning round, we perceived one of the patients, confined in a strait-waistcoat. As soon as he discovered we were Englishmen, with the gravest face in the world he informed us that he had just conquered England, put the Queen in prison, and that we could not do better than make our submission

at once, by dropping on one knee and kissing his great toe. This we promised to do on our return.

In the department for idiot boys, not the least interesting sight was that of the boys themselves at their studies; and if one could judge by their drawings and copy-books, the progress attained by these poor children proves what education, accompanied by patience and perseverance, may extract from the worst materials. As regarded the criminal madmen, our curiosity was, perhaps very properly, not satisfied.

Quitting the Bicêtre, we drove to La Prison des Jeunes Détenus. This prison, as its name implies, is devoted solely to the reformation of convict boys between the ages of ten and eleven, and more resembles Parkhurst than any other establishment of the kind in England. In outward appearance it is an hexagonal pile of buildings, with corresponding turrets at each angle, and reminds one forcibly of some old feudal castle of the middle ages; and this idea is the more encouraged from the fact that the outer buildings

all communicate with the kitchen, parlour, and chapel by iron bridges. The discipline enforced here is exceedingly strict—one might almost say needlessly severe,—eight hours' work, including two hours' schooling, being exacted from each boy daily; and when, in addition to this, it is taken into consideration that the cellular system is in vogue, and that no recreation is permitted, except that of reading selected books and pacing the prison yard for a couple of hours, the monotony and want of association must be even a greater punishment than the confinement. If it be true that starvation and solitude are the best reformers, the theory as well as practice is certainly carried out here; for, though a small portion of meat is served out to each individual four times a week, a diet of two meals daily, with six hours between them, seems hardly sufficient for growing youth. On the other hand, it must be candidly owned that, on making inquiries whether the prison statistics tended to establish the fact that solitude coupled with such spare diet was injurious to both mind and body, we

were shown a very fat, flabby-looking boy, with a countenance anything but intellectual, as a specimen of what six months' prison feeding could produce; but whether the young gentleman was the show-boy of the establishment, or whether the fat was a diseased excrescence, and the face but too faithful a reflection of the mind, it was not for us to determine. What seemed most cruel was that a boy, however hard he worked, was precluded from the advantage accorded to adults in other prisons, of receiving part of his earnings; thus inflicting on him the penalty of unrequited labour, in addition to his other privations. For the rest, the punishments, in case of misconduct, were perhaps milder than we should approve of in England, where the limited use of the rod supersedes, with far better effect both morally and physically, the stoppage of rations in fashion at Paris.

Directly opposite to the Prison des Jeunes Détenus, is that of La Roquette, built for the reception of such male adult convicts as have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying

from one year to life. It consists of a pile of buildings surrounding a large quadrangular court, and is three stories high, the lowest being occupied by workshops, and the two upper by cells. The western side is set apart for the maintenance of the prison authorities; the chapel and infirmary occupy the eastern end; and surrounding the whole is a court, where a detachment of 34 soldiers and 18 keepers is always on duty. Built in the short space of 18 months, at the cost of nearly 30,000*l.*, it may be looked upon, both as regards its stability and sanitary position, as one of the model prisons of France. The discipline closely resembles that of the Conciergerie, with the exception that every one, all being convicts here, is obliged to work. The day's labour is begun at six, and ended at eight; two hours' relief being allowed—one for meals, and the other for recreation. Trades of every description are taught; and, though the work is compulsory, from the absence of both the cellular and silent systems, it is much more cheerfully accomplished. A moitié of all the work

done beyond a fixed quantity is allowed to the prisoner, and is generally spent by him in little extra luxuries at the canteen—as much as 2½ francs a week being sometimes earned by an expert workman. Each prisoner is confined in a separate cell; but, if refractory, is moved to a cachot, or dark cell, and placed on bread and water diet. This being the Newgate of Paris, it is here that prisoners under sentence of death are confined till their execution takes place on a plot of ground just outside the prison gates. Three condemned cells, set apart for this purpose, are vigilantly watched, both inside and out, during occupation. The hospital, kitchens, and other parts of the interior, were beyond all praise for their cleanliness. During our inspection of the library we elicited the curious fact that, in a body of 430 prisoners, 400 books changed hands every week. Escapes are here never heard of, no such event having taken place since the prison was built in 1832—a fact very creditable to the honesty of the warders, without whose connivance, the admirable arrangements of double

walls and sentries would tax even the genius of Jack Sheppard to effect an evasion. These men are, almost without exception, old soldiers; and perhaps this circumstance accounts for their trustworthiness, as the small stipend that they receive, some 35*l.* a year, exclusive of board and lodging, must, if anything, be an incentive to dishonesty. Amongst the many excellent arrangements of this prison, we noticed but one fault—namely, that of allowing all the prisoners for whom work could not be found on the instant, to congregate perhaps for hours together in perfect idleness, thus affording them both time and opportunity to plan any simultaneous outbreak.

The Mazas, or Model House of Detention, was next visited. In its arrangements, it closely resembles the House of Detention at Clerkenwell. Large and well-built, it contains about 1200 prisoners, boys and adults, who are subjected to strict solitary confinement; their discipline and diet, in other respects, being exactly that of the Conciergerie. As all the prisoners are awaiting

trial, neither labour nor education, of course, is compulsory; but any work that may be done is sold for the prisoner's own benefit, without the deduction of the moitié. Any books he may require are liberally supplied from the prison library. Each wing of the prison contains 210 cells, and the whole structure about 1260. These wings converge towards a round hall of observation, occupying the centre of the building and communicating with the corridors, which, in each wing, divide the cells. In the rotunda itself is an altar of white marble, which thus makes a chapel at once quaint and convenient for the purposes of surveillance. Similar to many of our county prisons in England, a gas-burner and water-closet, with an apparatus intended both for ventilation and the distribution of warm air, are attached to each cell; and in the yards, between the wings, are circular enclosures divided by walls into 20 small courts, communicating with a central building, so contrived that the prisoners may enter the court and take their exercise without being seen by the others; in short, so perfect

are the arrangements for the comfort of the prisoners, that could the remembrance of restraint and solitude be banished from the mind, a prison after this fashion would almost be a cheerful asylum.

Having seen all that modern improvement could suggest in the way of prison discipline, before finishing our day's excursion, we determined to visit a gaol which had the reputation of keeping up some of the good old conservative customs and liberties that half a century back so distinguished the treatment of criminals on our side of the Channel, and for that purpose drove to St. Pelagie. Here still exists what may be termed a fine specimen of the old style of Bridewell; not in perfect preservation certainly, but still in many of its customs sufficiently comfortable to recall the days of Roderick Random and Tom Jones, when the punishment awarded for the crimes of a prisoner was determined by the length of his purse. Originally a convent for nuns, before the Revolution, then a prison for debtors, it has ended by being a sort of half-

political, half-criminal establishment, neither one thing nor the other, where the favour of the Minister of the Interior, of the Prefect of Police, or, more potent than both, the amount of money at the prisoner's command, exerts a paramount influence over his food, lodging, amusements, and the quantity of compulsory labour daily exacted from him. No attempt is made to conceal any part of this system of bribery; on the contrary, it is openly avowed, and, as far as is known, forms a considerable part of the revenue of the prison. It is true that for some years it has been appropriated to persons condemned to imprisonment for one year or less, but still, whether they are condemned for one or six years, the venality of justice remains an established fact. Of the 600 prisoners confined at the time we visited it, some 30 or 40 were political. These, of course, were kept in a separate establishment, apart from the rest, and were allowed to occupy themselves as they pleased. Those prisoners who can afford the luxuries of a separate cell, attendance, and the privilege of not wearing the prison-dress, are

called "*pistolliers*," and pay 25 centimes a day. A small extra sum is required to secure the privilege of exemption from hard labour, the work being ordinarily done by the poorer criminals for a consideration from their richer brethren. The discipline even for the poorest is lenient enough. Neither the cellular nor the silent system is ever enforced, except for punishment, of which the limit is eight days' confinement on bread and water. Labour at different trades is imposed for ten hours daily, three hours being allotted to meals and recreation; and, as in other prisons, a moitié is allowed on all work done over the allotted quantity. The prison itself is large and airy, and has a good library and a capacious chapel attached to it; but neither is there a school, nor is the attendance at chapel compulsory, "it being so hard to determine," as our guide informed us, "to what creed of religion, if any, the majority of the prisoners belonged." For the rest, the diet, the hospital, and kitchen arrangements were precisely similar to what we had seen before.

Thus ended a visit which, though rapidly executed and more hastily sketched, may, like every tale which has a moral, claim a place in the consideration of that much-vexed question, "How to improve our convicts at home?" Educational laws may be discussed in Parliament and reformatories may be opened; but, until a good system of prison discipline shall be established, which improves at the same time that it punishes, and holds out to every prisoner the chance of supporting himself by his own exertions when free, so long will the diminution of crime be a problem too difficult to be solved. The proverb, that comparisons are invidious, is never truer than when applied to the different systems of prison management in use on both sides of the channel; but, if there are good and bad points in each, let us not, whilst eschewing the faults, be too proud to copy the excellences of our neighbours.

AFTER DARK IN NEW YORK.

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"SO you have visited Blackwell's Island, and are endeavouring, by means of the American Almanac and the last Alms-house Report, to set that poor brain of yours into something like order this morning—after the appalling inundation of statistics so abruptly forced upon it yesterday?" exclaimed a young American friend of mine, as he found me still tired and jaded after an indifferent night's rest, alternately sipping my tea and poring over the volumes in question. "How your head must ache with the very thought of mad-houses, alms-houses, penitentiaries, "et omne quod exit in es." But you Englishmen are all the same—almost as bad as we are in Europe. You come to one of our great cities, and wish to see and do everything in a couple of days, or a week at the outside. How-

ever, if your appetite for sight-seeing is still unsatisfied, and your strength and patience are not utterly exhausted, I think I can promise you an evening's amusement, such as does not fall to the lot of every stranger to enjoy. I am deputed to invite you to meet a few select friends at our club this evening; and, provided you will dispense with your obsolete Old Country custom of sitting over the wine, we propose to make an early adjournment, bribe and corrupt the police (not a difficult thing to do, by the way, here), and see the elephant; or, as you Britishers would call it, go the rounds." Such an invitation, even at the expense of a night's rest, was not lightly to be scorned. I eagerly accepted the offer; and my friend cautioning me to be punctual, and, above all, not to forget to bring a pocket-full of dimes (Anglice, ten-cent pieces) with me for distribution amongst our future vagabond acquaintances, took his leave. Punctual to the appointed time, I found my friend and his party already waiting to receive me at the club; and after sundry inquiries as to the

state of my health, and complimentary assertions as to the pride everybody felt in making my acquaintance—courtesies strictly *à la mode* in New York, though obsolete in London—I was soon fully occupied in practically discussing the merits of canvas-back ducks, and Catawba champagne. The dinner passed off as such dinners usually do. Compliments on the virtues of our respective nations, with a proper oblivion of their vices, were freely exchanged, and the eternal brotherhood of the Anglo-Saxon race enlarged upon and extolled. The respective qualities of English Racers and American Trotters had already been argued; and, if I remember right, that everlasting topic, the superiority of New York over Boston, had just been broached, when, as the minute hand was on the stroke of nine, the door was noiselessly opened, and a mysterious communication took place between one of the waiters and the gentleman at the head of the table. A nod of assent on his part was followed by a general whisper to the effect that the great hero of the evening had arrived. An-

other moment, and a secret presentiment told me that the little smooth-faced man who had glided into the room in so surreptitious a manner was no less a personage than the expected Aid (Anglice, sub-commissioner) to the General Superintendent of Police in New York. I confess that it was with a feeling of intense respect that I bent my head in acknowledgment of the little man's polite salutation, as I called to mind the multitudes of erring mortals who must have quaked and trembled under his scrutinizing glance. Not that there was anything in the least formidable about his appearance. But for an indescribable look about the eyes, not perceptible to the uninitiated, his bland, insinuating manner betokened a character comparable with the mildness of buttermilk and the cooing of turtle doves. The quiet self-possession with which he glided into a chair, his civil acceptance of the proffered Havana, and, notwithstanding the overpowering attention paid to his remarks, the calm placid confidence with which he joined in the general conversation, showed no small

acquaintance with men and manners. Shades of Fouché and Savary might have applauded—Inspector Field would have admitted an equality. Ten minutes' refreshment in such an atmosphere of luxury was long enough for the business-like habits of our little friend. "A calculation that we had better make a start of it," had the effect of rousing us from the silent admiration with which we had begun to listen to his stories; and, mustering our party, we prepared to follow him; through dingy casinos and damp unventilated cellars; through houses of indifferent reputation, and hovels of none at all; through crowds of *Blood Uglies** and compact masses of needy filibusters, glittering from head to foot with bowie knives and half-concealed revolvers; through wild hordes of tattered Paddies and high-smelling assemblages of grinning Blacks, redolent of grease and roguery; to say nothing of professional thieves, questionable ladies, and the rag-tag and bobtail of 860,000 souls. We, I say,

* Anglice, unmitigated scoundrels, capable of any iniquity, from larceny to manslaughter.

unnerved by the proximity of so much moral turpitude and absence of soap and water (on looking back, I was glad to find there were two stout constables within call), coolly lighted our cigars—audaciously pursued, and, in our eagerness for information, even trod upon and jostled our impassive, much suffering guardian and conductor. Were I an ambitious man of strong constitution, not disturbed by night-mares or a conscience, of all things I would be a New York Detective. Good pay, good bribes if you have an itching palm, and little to do, with an absolute power for good or for evil over the minds and bodies of the most demoralized population in the most depraved city on the face of the globe. But whilst I am moralizing, the aforesaid rearguard of two policemen, who are on the look-out for stragglers, mildly suggest that, if I do not wish to be left behind altogether, I must push on and keep moving. On rejoining our party, Inspector B——, I beg his pardon, Captain B—— (in America, military titles equally grace and disgrace the public services, the police,

and the light-fingered gentry)—informs us that the business of living on one's neighbours is at present rather dull; a reaction having succeeded to the glut in the market of dupes and plunder, supplied by the emigrant ships of the preceding year. These are indeed good times among the fraternity. The rejoicings on the arrival of an emigrant ship are celebrated by Saturnalia, such as, in the days of Nelson welcomed the arrival in Cadiz of a galleon from Peru. Thoughtless fathers of families from the wilds of Connemara, as they land with the hard-earned scrapings of many years in their pockets, are received with the most obliging politeness by considerate gentlemen, who, with tears in their eyes, welcome them to the land of liberty, and congratulate them on their escape from the rule of the accursed Saxon. In consideration of the sympathy long felt for their oppressed condition, they are implored to accept a night's lodging for themselves and their families, and seldom is it that Pat's confiding nature does not yield to the temptation. Poor fellow, a throbbing headache

the next morning, and a disagreeable consciousness that he is minus his purse and his little all, are poor consolations for the "tiny dhrop and bit of a spree he had with the bhoys the night before."

Suddenly, we come to a stop, as "the Captain" turns sharp to his right, and enters a public-house in Oak Street, which, by the sign, dimly visible in the obscure gaslight, we discover to be "The Flag of the Union," of which tenement one Williams appears to be the proprietor. From the innermost recesses are heard the sounds of mirth and music; and, passing the bar, not yet tenanted by thirsty sinners, we debouch into a room well lighted, covered with maps and pictures,—conspicuous among which is a board of regulations, where it is expressly stated, in large letters, that, before dancing, gents will each be charged 12 cents; the fair sex, nothing. The band, could one reckless fiddle be expelled, plays well and in good time; and the only difficulty experienced by the company is that of talking to each other, the ladies having for the most part just arrived from Hamburgh, and the

gentlemen being unmistakeable Anglo-Saxons. This impediment is overcome, however, by polite bows and expressive winks. But time is pressing; so, facing round, we march out as we came in, taking care, as we make our exit, to salute Mr. Williams (who stands in propriâ personâ behind the bar), with all due propriety. Onwards we jostle at a smart pace, down one alley, up another, then sharp round to the right, till, just as we have set at defiance all mathematical laws, and almost squared the circle, we pull up at the Seamen's Hall, celebrated in New York Police annals as the scene of many "a difficulty," too often only to be settled by bowie knife or revolver. Here, the ubiquitous Jack of all nations and climes is wont to stand treat to his friends; here, partly by the enticements of tawdry sirens, aided and abetted by the proprietor of the establishment, partly by means of strong libations of hot toddy, a conspiracy is often set a-foot against his property and purse; and yet to all appearance the Hall arrangements are harmless enough. Pictures

there are certainly, and some of a startling character; but even the righteous susceptibilities of the Dean of Carlisle would hardly be shocked by any want of decorum. A gossiping Asmodeus, who, after the fashion of bad spirits, is taking his nocturnal walk, suddenly whispers in my ears that the owner of the house is in prison for murder, committed during a late brawl; but then there are places, as well as persons, whose reputation does not bear too close an inquiry. So we will push on to Pennsylvania and Empire Halls, over the way. The company here is of the same character, and the decorations, with some exceptions, little different; but it is wonderful to see how the square, stout German frows, with enormous calves and short gowns, struggle to ape "the light fantastic toe" of ballet girls.

Mr. Green's Casino in Cherry Street is the next on the list; so to that we proceed. But what a difference! One squeaky fiddle represents the orchestra; and, but for the extravagant antics and incomprehensible gyrations of a tall Yankee, the dancing has altogether ceased.

Perhaps the ladies are indisposed, or the gentlemen have drunk too much toddy. We are discreet and wait. This evidently does not suit the taste of our tall friend, for he at once walks up to the Captain, and addressing him by the familiar sobriquet of Sam (ignorance of the party in question can alone excuse so outrageous a familiarity), proposes a quadrille, in which he, the aforesaid Sam, and two of our party, are to make up the couples. The performance concluded amidst the applause of the company—we prepare to depart, upon which our new acquaintance, winking knowingly at Sammy, modestly requests that gentleman to "loan him a couple of bits" (Anglice, quarter-dollars) for Auld Lang Syne. Till then I had put him down as a stray Californian digger; but such open mendicity lowered him at once in my estimation to the rank of an ordinary vagabond. On reference, however, to the omniscient oracle at my side, I found I was woefully mistaken. My Filibuster, of whose adventures in Texas, Mexico, and other wild parts of the earth, I had

already coined a thousand and one tales, turned out to be only the Correspondent of the "New York Tribune," disguised as a Rowdy, to pick up matter for next day's feuilleton. Tramp, tramp, tramp, as two and two we march through the narrow deserted streets of the fourth ward, our numbers may well do duty for the Patrol. So think the little knots of restless loafers (for we are in the worst quarter of the town), on the look-out to batter in the skull of unwary strangers with that misnamed weapon, a life-preserver; or thief-like, behind walls and corners, to spring upon and garotte the drunken sailor, only just paid off, and flush of grog; for, as we approach, they melt into obscurity. Five minutes more brings us to Rosewell Street, where the Black portion of the thieving fraternity delight to dance. *Chacun à son goût;* but your taste and mine, gentle reader, would not be, I feel sure, to cut capers in a cellar! Perhaps we may some day have to live in a St. Giles's garret, perhaps in an iron-bound cell at the expense of the country; but defend me from burrowing

like a mole, or metamorphosing myself into a rat, for pleasure! But we have a task to fulfil which old father Time is already whispering is but half performed. So down this old tottering staircase we must go. "Take care of your heads, gentlemen! one at a time, if you please;" and we stagger and tumble about, till the old boards creak an accompaniment to the abominable fiddling below. As the head of our column reaches its destination, it evidently excites no small alarm. The music stops, and a voice in warning accents is heard to exclaim, "By Gorra, boys, it is time to make track, for I'm darn'd if the critters ain't everlastingly dropping down, like ripe apples in a thunder-storm!" The timely fears of the company are, however, soon quieted as we land at the bottom, one by one, and are exposed to the view of the spectators. A request that the performance may go on is readily complied with, and we are indulged with a "pas seul" from an active young negro, who, if he had been combed and washed, might well have passed muster as a Christy minstrel.

Indeed, he meets with such general sympathy, that a handsome collection of dimes is added to the applause he elicits from us. But, alack and alack a day, Mrs. Stowe! it is well you are not here; for it would make your heart bleed to see the emaciated condition of the people you love so well. No faithful, simple, honest Uncle Toms; nothing but countenances expressive of vice, and bodies reeking with dirt and vermin. As I follow the Captain out, and wipe the perspiration from my brow, I insensibly recross the Atlantic, and am reminded of the poisoned atmosphere it has been my bad fortune to respire in church, theatre, and fashionable drum on more than one occasion. He who has sniffed the odour of old Father Thames on a summer's day, or, still worse, has been boxed up the winter night long with torpid Frenchmen or plethoric Germans in a first-class carriage, can speak feelingly on this point. When, therefore, the Thames is cleansed; when railway carriages, churches, theatres, and meeting-rooms in Europe are properly ventilated—then, and not till then, shall I have a

right to speak depreciatingly of a negro cellar in New York. But let us stop for a moment at this Jäger beer-house, and see what is going on. The small hours have already begun to tell on the company, the dancing has ceased, and what stragglers remain are actively engaged in "liquoring" at the bar. Perhaps the most conspicuous object, after the stuffed alligator, which grins in such a ferocious manner, and occupies nearly one side of the dancing saloon, is the ominous presence of two revolvers, loaded and capped, and conveniently placed behind the counter, within reach of the barman (barmaids, in America, are plants of exotic growth). Under these formidable-looking weapons is a copy of the rules and regulations pertaining to the establishment; and underneath, again, is a 'notice,' cautioning the company, evidently in a tone of irony, to "beware of thieves and pickpockets." As it is nearly three o'clock in the morning, and most of the party begin to show unmistakable signs of weariness, the Captain proposes to adjourn our future proceedings till eleven o'clock

in the forenoon, when he formally invites us to his lodgings, there to conclude our nocturnal experiences by an inspection of the Metropolitan Police Office, and a *vivâ voce* lecture on the history of burglars and thieves proper, and their present ways and means of living, in the Empire City.

Travelled reader, you who have mixed amongst the tribes of men, and have studied the occult sciences, have you ever surveyed the laboratory of a hospital? Have you ever bent your steps to the College of Surgeons, or spent a leisure hour at Madame Tussaud's, and ruminated over the bones, the chains, the clothes, and tools of defunct highwaymen in the museum of an English gaol? Have you wandered amongst telegraph offices, waited to have your portrait taken in photographic ante-chambers, or attentively examined the articles at a pawnbroker's sale? If you have done all and each of these things, and will sit with me for a moment on the magic carpet, I will quickly transport you to an establishment which will remind you of them all.

It is already daylight as we traverse Broadway. Two or three stalwart giants, in flat caps and long blue great-coats, encircled with black belts, attract our attention. In answer to our inquiries, one of them points to a plain four-walled building, and "guesses we had better inquire within." Emboldened by his answer, we walk in and find ourselves in the august presence of our old acquaintance, the Captain, who has doffed his thick coat and badge of office, and receives us with the blandest of smiles. Swiftly he conducts us up three flights of stairs, unlocks a mysterious side door, and ushers us at once into a long apartment, decorated as a picture gallery with the portraits of all the eminent vagabonds on whom the fell majesty of the law has once been vindicated. Here is a study for a physiognomist, a goodly gallows-crop forsooth of either sex. Young and old, beautiful and ugly; men, women, and children, all without distinction, who, convicted of felony, have once passed the dreaded portal of this chamber, must undergo the humiliating punishment of being photographed. An inde-

lible mark is for ever set upon them. They are henceforth known and watched, and must pursue their trade under constant terror of detection. The celebrities in each branch of the profession, as we walk along, are pointed out to us. Here are the Badger and Panel thieves, the "farceurs" of the fraternity, who are accustomed in hotels and lodging houses to play practical jokes with your clothes, leaving you in the morning to answer the question, "What a man is without his breeches." Rumour has it that once the immortal Daniel Webster, and the no less celebrated Alfred Bunn, of operatic memory, each and severally on certain occasions mistook their roads and lodgings, and scandal, corroborated by entries in the book of Rhadamanthus (I mean of the General Superintendent of Police), doth aver that, being the worse for liquor, they were that night caught a-napping and delivered over to insatiable Harpies, and that next morning, "minus their pants," they did awake to scorn and contumely. Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit. Whom have we

next? The confidence thieves—plausible rogues, with hypocritical faces, smooth tongues, and well-starched linen, surrounded with a certain Pecksniffian halo of meekness and humility. Here are two proper canting vagabonds, who, the aforesaid book of justice tells us, made use of their black coats and prim white ties to worm themselves, like wolves in sheep's clothing, into the confidence of their too credulous flocks, with intent to fleece them at discretion. Underneath these worthies is the picture of one Cushing, who, with a presence of mind worthy of a better cause, advertised a monster spiritual meeting to raise an alchemical Ghost with unlimited power to double the value of all property left on a table within a certain magic circle. On the appointed day, credulous worshippers of Mammon flocked in from all parts of the town with well-filled purses, which were duly deposited on the table in question. The room was darkened, and everybody listened with breathless silence and expectant hope, till at last some marplot, suspecting that all was not right, struck a light, when it became evident that both

Ghost-raiser and property had taken advantage of the darkness and disappeared below. On another occasion, this same worthy, having been brought before the Mayor and fined for some trivial offence, had the audacity to pay his Worship in forged notes, and not to be found out!! Still passing on, we enter a recess filled with miscellaneous articles of a life-destroying and house-breaking character. The formidable crowbar lies side by side with the file and pick-lock. Daggers, life-preservers, cutlasses, bowie-knives, revolvers, and last but not least, the uncouth but handy knuckle-duster, an instrument happily but little known in England, are also amongst the "spolia opima." An awkward customer this same knuckle-duster, as you put your fingers through its iron rings, double your fist and think, as you squeeze the handle in your grasp, what damage a left-hander from some ruffianly Ben Caunt would inflict upon your luckless pericranium. On shelves, around, above, and below, seem ranged the contents of a chemist's laboratory and a pawnbroker's shop. Mysterious phials full of deadly

ingredients unknown to Macbeth's witches; curious compounds of drugs, the possession of which would have rendered Lucrezia Borgia or a certain French Marchioness of poisonous memory delirious with joy, peep here and there out of odd corners. Odds and ends of every description, duly labelled with tickets, from a bit of rope, a rusty knife, and a fag end of a tallow candle, to diamond-paste brooches, base money, and forged notes, lie massed in compact order. Nay, even the undertaker's shop has apparently been ransacked to furnish its ghastly quota; for on the topmost ledge stands a coffin—a visible proof that, when driven by necessity, thieves are no more respecters of the "dead" than of the living. Following the footsteps of our conductor, we descend and find ourselves again facing the entrance hall, adjoining which is a telegraph office, communicating with all the police and railway stations within a radius of some twelve miles round, from whence we issue once more upon Broadway.

Well, the peepshow is finished—the curtain has dropped—the lights are put out, and the

actors bid you farewell for the present. We have paid our money, and earned a right to grumble; so let us quietly discuss the pros and cons of the performance on our way to bed. It seems to me that throughout the play there has been a lack of something "piquant." For instance, a good racy murder, an opportune case of garotting or of gouging, would have helped the melodrama wonderfully. It is all the more provoking, too, because this particular style of acting is usually common enough with players of this sort. Every morning the New York press teems with the successful hits of the Company in their different parts. Never were ferocious robberies, heartless swindlings, diabolical outrages, and cold-blooded assassinations so well represented in any city in the world. It is true that a large portion of the old actors have lately left the stage and emigrated to Blackwall Island at the government expense; but their places have been rapidly filled up by distinguished artists from Europe; and, failing this, such is the precociousness of American

youth, and such the peculiar effect of American education, that there seems little fear that the demand will not exceed the supply. Then again, if one must criticise, those great hulking, good-for-nothing Anakims, who are charged with the protection of the lives and properties of their fellow citizens, play their parts but indifferently. Why, would you believe it? the manager gives them each salaries of 180*l.* a year—a sum far above that which curates, army lieutenants, and government clerks receive on the other side of the water; and yet these idle fellows are said to be constantly drunk, intolerably corrupt, and never to be found when wanted. Whilst we condemn, however, let us not be too hard upon the good people of New York. Their Police force is but a new creation, and has been sorely tried by the extensive Irish immigration of the last few years. Let us not forget, either, whilst we thank Providence and bless Sir Robert Peel for the comparative safety with which we walk the streets of our own great metropolis, that time was when our highways and by-ways

swarmed with ferocious Mohawks and ruffianly footpads; and that, not half a century ago, a walk from St. Paul's to Westminster was a far more perilous undertaking than a ramble amongst the worst haunts of New York after dark.

THE DENS OF LONDON.

THE DENS OF LONDON.

HAVING applied to the Commissioners of Police for leave to accompany an Inspector on one of his nightly visits to the east end of the Town, one fine autumn evening we made arrangements to meet him on Tower-hill at nine o'clock. Furnished beforehand with a proper quantity of indifferent cigars, and a bountiful supply of odd sixpences, for the more especial entertainment of those of our future acquaintances who might be desirous of drinking our healths, we started in a couple of cabs, and punctually at the hour named were met by the Inspector. Under his guidance we proceeded at once on our voyage of discovery. Turning to the right of the Tower, near the terminus of the Blackwall Railway in Fenchurch-street, we were ushered

into "*the B—— Tavern,*" otherwise called "*the Hamburger Turnsall,*" the fashionable casino of the German population of those parts. The room appeared a good one for the purpose, the light sufficient, the music good, and the company perfectly decorous. The dancing was perhaps not quite equal to what is seen in other parts of the town—though the performances of one young man, who was pointed out to us as a Jewish sugar-baker, and part proprietor of the concern, might have beaten into fits the graceful attitudes of many a West-end dandy. The scale of remuneration to the proprietors was arranged on a very sensible plan. Only those who actually partook of refreshments, or joined in the dance, paid anything towards the expenses of the establishment. The price of a Waltz, Schottisch, or Polka, was twopence; the value of an English Quadrille was threepence; of a Deutchser Waltzer, or Schottische Quadrille, sixpence. Taking leave of "*the B——*," we next proceeded to "*the A——*," Shadwell, another dancing-room, fitted up in much the same style, with this exception, that

there was a small theatre at one end, very much out of proportion to the rest of the room. The third dancing-room we were shown was 'yclept "*Paddy's Goose*," and was situated in High Street, Shadwell. This was in fact only a long room, decorated with pictures of the Crimean war, and of naval and military subjects generally. The designs were decidedly bold, and strikingly displayed the courage and popularity of both soldier and sailor; indeed, "*the retreat of the Roossians from Sebastopol*," and "*the ascent of the heights of the Alma by the Guards*," must have been considered masterpieces of art in oil-painting by the "élite" of Shadwell. Upstairs, we found a pretty little theatre, which, we were told, was devoted by the proprietor to dramatic duets and trios—a license being required to act written plays. The theatre was about to be opened for the season in a few days. Passing down High Street, our conductor turned sharply to his left, and almost without warning; as if to prove that there is but "a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," introduced us into the "*Sailors' Institution*," where we

found a large and most orderly congregation, finishing a Temperance Meeting by an evening hymn. We especially noticed a most devout Guardsman, whom one of our party recognised as belonging to his regiment. It appeared that the poor man had only lately returned from the Crimea, and, on his arrival at home, finding that the wife of his bosom had eloped, he attempted to rid himself of his domestic troubles by throwing himself into the Thames; and, our friend added, that it was presumed that he had since joined the Temperance Society, in consequence of finding the unadulterated water of the river even thicker and more satisfying than the ordinary compound sold under the name of London porter.

We next visited "*the Open Grapes*" public-house and theatre in Ratcliffe Highway, and were lucky enough to make our entry in the midst of a most exciting scene on the stage, between an Irishman and his wife, at Donnybrook fair. The flourishing of the shillelah and the jig-dancing were loudly applauded by the audi-

ence; but, when the scene was brought to a conclusion by *a jig in skates on a large flat stone*, the "*Hancores*" of the company made the walls ring again. The audience consisted chiefly of sailors and prostitutes; but, though composed of such riotous material, its orderly conduct would have put to shame the spectators at many a West-end theatre. We only noticed one young lady in the least the worse for drink, and her fancies took the playful form of pulling the rather long mustachios of one of our party. She desisted however immediately, and even expressed her regret, on his politely desiring her not to pull too hard, as they were only stuck on for the occasion. We were here introduced to "the real original niggers," very smartly arrayed, with faces newly blackened for the evening. Crossing the street, we speedily found ourselves in Wilton's Music Hall—a theatre of rather larger dimensions. The galleries were here altogether appropriated by sailors and their companions, the body of the house by the more respectable part of the audience. We just came in time to

hear the last words of the celebrated song, beginning—

> "I've no money, I've no money,
> The thought it makes me very, very funny,"

as sung by that popular actor, Mr. Paul Pry, of Shadwell. Refreshments of wine, spirits, and soda water were served out to those who paid for them; but on the slightest appearance of intoxication, the party so elevated was immediately turned out. Nothing could exceed the politeness and civility of the manager, throughout our visit. We were next introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis's establishment, in Ratcliffe Highway, "for dancing, deportment, and theatricals." Mr. Lewis informed us that he had formerly been a soldier; and that, being in the receipt of a pension, he had contrived with some success to open this small theatre. He introduced us to his wife, who personated Columbine, and to his two children—a couple of chubby urchins, dressed like elves. We, of course, evinced our gratitude for this distinguished honour, by duly pouching the small boys with sixpences. The class of

people, the music, and the theatre, differed but little from what we had seen before.

We visited two more small casinos of much the same kind. In the one, we were much struck by the cléverness of a blind fiddler, who personated the leader of the orchestra. As the inspector informed us, he had been upwards of thirty years at his trade—indeed, to judge by his excellent fiddling, Paganini must have been his model. Throughout, the same orderly conduct, decorum, and absence of all drunkenness, swearing, and noise, were observable; while the whole aim of the people seemed to show that they could enjoy themselves rationally, without being a nuisance to their neighbours. Three hours having been consumed already, we found ourselves compelled to follow our inexorable conductor, who warned us that we had about twice as much more ground to go over, and only about five more hours before daylight. So we made haste to get on. Half a mile's jolting, in a couple of hack cabs, brought us to a standstill in a quiet back street in the parish of St.

George's in the East. Our reveries were disturbed by a loud knock, followed by a request to open the door immediately, which was answered by the very natural demand of "Who was there?" "Inspector," was the awful response. "Open Sesame" could not have produced a more magic effect; and, as the door swung back, we became aware that the master of the house was the shivering, little, dried-up Chinaman before us. Though after midnight, he seemed highly delighted and even honoured by this unexpected visit, and took immense pains to show us how neat, clean, and tidy everything was kept. The lodgers were entirely composed of Chinese and Lascars, and were entertained and provided with two substantial meals of curry and rice, for something under a shilling a day. In one of the rooms we saw two Chinamen, whom the little man told us he had boarded for the last three weeks, on a speculation of being repaid at some future period with compound interest. They were asleep in the same room with a Chinese tailor, who was hard at work, fashioning and

patching up celestial garments, out of the more worldly contents of an old-clothes bag. Before bidding adieu to our little friend and his house, we could not help asking him how it was that he was destitute of what we had always conceived was the invariable appendage of an inhabitant of the celestial empire. He evidently did not quite catch the purport of the question, for he immediately replied, with rather more frankness than discretion, "No go back, massa. Woman wife 'em cut 'em tail off;" an answer which, as may be supposed, fairly upset our gravity.

We next visited several Lascar houses of the lower class. They all seemed pretty clean and fairly regulated; though of course, in some, the accommodation, according to the price paid—fourpence, sixpence, or eightpence per night—was far different from what it was in others; but, at the same time, we could not shut our eyes to the fact, that the profits of the lodging-house keepers, in almost all cases, were enormous, owing to the iniquitous manner in which their lodgers were cunningly fleeced. It is well

known that, whatever may be the foresight and sharpness of sailors at sea, as soon as Jack touches land, these qualities instantly disappear; and that, between the influence of drink and the charms of the fair sex, he is as helpless as a child. Well aware of this fact, there is a sort of scramble for him among the lodging-house keepers, much after the fashion of sharks for their prey; and, half cajoled and half persuaded, he is forced into the house of the first successful claimant for the honour of entertaining him. Once there, Jack's first thought is what to do with his money. For this want, the lodging-house keeper most cunningly provides, by offering to take care of it for him; and, as if farther to prove his disinterested friendship, lest he should get into worse company, introduces him to two or three acquaintances of his own. These opportune companions are of course retained for the purpose, and in a short time amply repay the original outlay of the lodging-house keeper, by fleecing Jack of every penny he possesses, and returning the money to their employer. A more deliberate system of

plunder can hardly be conceived. Under this arrangement two shillings a night is the fee generally paid to the lodging-house keeper.

But we must move on, for the first rays of light are warning us that our time is short. Turning down a street or two, we halt before a very respectable-looking mansion, situated in a large square, which, we are told by our conductor, is a specimen of the best class of sailors' lodging-house. We knock and ring—and after five minutes' delay, followed by ample apologies from the inspector for disturbing him at so late an hour, are admitted by the master of the house—a tall, wiry-looking man, whose countenance and manner bespeak a certain puritanical cast of mind—such a one as the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, amidst the vanities of pine-apple rum and water, might have been supposed to have possessed. Prim and sour as he appeared, nothing could have been more gracious than the reception we experienced; for, be it observed, that politeness at two in the morning is a rare quality, and to be valued accordingly. The parlour,

dining-rooms, and sleeping apartments for the use of the lodgers, were really most comfortably fitted up; and, when we were further informed that all this luxury, together with four substantial meals a-day (at three of which meat was allowed), was included in the small charge of two shillings per head, or fourteen shillings per week, we really began to entertain some thoughts of retiring to these quiet localities when all other trades failed. Our host seemed highly pleased with the admiration we expressed of all his arrangements, and entered into a long dissertation on the subject nearest his heart, the pith of which was that, if lodging-houses were properly classed by Act of Parliament, instead of being generalized as at present, not only would the knowledge thus acquired preserve sailors from falling into the hands of thieves, but proprietors of first-class houses would be encouraged to give their customers increased comfort and cleanliness at even lower rates than at present. He impressed upon us that his main object had always been to fulfil the duties of his calling conscientiously;

that he used his best endeavours to bring his lodgers to a sense of their true religious state; that he allowed no drinking or gambling in the house; and had set his face most diligently against all noise and swearing; in short, that, if there was a model establishment of the kind, it was the one of which he was the proprietor. One of our party, more inquisitive than the rest, casually asked him how it was that, having the religious welfare of the sailors so much at heart, he allowed pictures of boating, racing, and cock-fighting, in his drawing-room?—and, much to our amusement, received the answer, "that he had them by him when he was first called by the Lord." Indeed, had not the inspector, on our departure, thrown some light on his previous history, we should have been rather puzzled by this seeming inconsistency. His antecedents, however, fully explained the mystery. He had formerly been in the police force, and, to use the inspector's words, had not been an ornament to the profession. "You will, perhaps, think it odd, gentlemen, but that man was a very lazy fellow whilst

in the force, and, if I remember rightly, was discharged by the Commissioners for being a very drunken one, too. He pretends to be very strait-laced and sanctimonious now; but he's like all of them class of people—a jolly humbug."

Our next lodging-house keeper did not seem at all inclined to come out—no fool, either, at half-past two on a cool October morning!! Knock, knock—ring, ring—fresh knockings, fresh ringings—still no answer; not even had the magic word of "Inspector" any effect this time. Coaxing was next tried, but with the same result; the badger was not to be drawn by these means—much too old an animal to be caught by such chaff. At last, in utter despair, one of the policemen managed to open a window; and, what with shouting, knocking, and ringing, down at last came the master of the house, with literally nothing on but his shirt and stockings. Apologies on both sides followed, though our side had undoubtedly the best right to make them; for it really seemed adding insult to injury, to bring a wretched man down from a warm

bed to show us over his house in his night-shirt. The house, a first-class one, fully repaid us for the trouble we had taken to get into it; it was the best we had seen. Individuals of the male sex might be here boarded and lodged, in a princely manner, for sixteen shillings a-week, with meat unlimited at three meals out of the four in the day; whilst the furniture, fixtures, and ventilation of the several apartments, were infinitely superior to anything we had yet noticed.

On our exit from this establishment, an amusing little incident befell us. One of our party, a bit of a wag in his way, thought to amuse himself at the expense of a lady and her companion, who were returning home at that late hour, a little the worse for liquor. He accordingly made one or two remarks touching the crooked path which they seemed to be taking. The reply was a caution to people to mind their own business; for, turning round, the lady screamed out at the top of her voice, "Go and hang yourself! I always give short answers to fools." The injunc-

tion was unanswerable. Our friend dared crack no more jokes that evening.

Re-entering our cabs, twenty minutes' drive brought us again to Whitechapel—at least, that part of it we were next to visit; for, by this time, our ideas had become so thoroughly confused with the multitude of places we had visited, and the intricate alleys we had turned down, that the most knowing man about town of the party had completely lost all knowledge of his whereabouts. Stopping before a rather shabby-looking lodging-house, we were surprised on our entrance to find how neat and cleanly it was inside; though it must be observed that the atmosphere of the sleeping apartments was perhaps a little close—a circumstance owing, as we were told, not to bad ventilation, but to the peculiar nature of the occupations of the lodgers—namely, that of bone-collecting and dock-cleaning. This house, we were informed, had in former days been a specimen of one of the worst kind of that class; but, from the praiseworthy benevolence and untiring perseverance of

the rector of the parish, Mr. Champneys, had lately become a standing monument of what could be done with small resources, and an earnest desire of doing good. Inside, the apartments appeared little different from what we had seen before; the same whitewashed boards separating married couples from the rest of the community, and reminding one forcibly of cabins in an emigrant ship—the same crooked, winding staircases, old doors, and well-worn floors.

Leaving the more respectable lodging-houses, with the consent of our conductor, we requested, before the conclusion of the evening, to be allowed to see one or two of the thieves' habitations. We were accordingly taken to a celebrated public-house in Whitechapel, the haunt of the most notorious vagabonds, where we had the benefit of seeing the Newgate crop in full bloom. Indeed, their characters were written indelibly on their countenances. They were, notwithstanding, very civil; and, probably owing to the respectable company we were in, did not

appear to wish to molest us. After staring at them for five minutes, much after the manner that children gaze at wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens, on a sign from our conductor, we prepared to depart. Following him through a variety of tortuous windings, we at length stopped before a low building, and descending some steps, found ourselves in the kitchen of one of the most celebrated of the thieves' lodging-houses. A little to our disappointment, only three of the inhabitants were at home. Two of them appeared half drunk, half asleep; the third, a wiry, ragged-looking, little man, with long matted hair, and out at both elbows and knees—advanced to meet us in the most cordial manner, and did the honours of the house. He turned out to be one of the class of card-sharpers that make a point of attending all races, to pick pockets and enrich themselves at the expense of luckless Johnny Greens and country bumpkins, by such popular games as thimble-rig, &c. At the request of the inspector, to whom he was well known, he volunteered at once, for a consideration, to put

us up to a dodge or two in the necromantic art; and, to give the devil his due, be it said, that his card tricks and his extraordinary productions of eggs and potatoes from curious egg-cups, winding up with the feat of licking a red hot poker with his tongue, were second to none of the performances of the late Monsieur Robin, or the far-famed Wizard of the North.

Duly rewarding the successful conjuror, we took our departure from the kitchen and stood once again in open air. Here then was the conclusion of our long and interesting night's work; and, as we journeyed home, confused remembrances of what we had seen and heard came crowding thickly in our minds, recalling long-forgotten stories of noted highwaymen and celebrated murderers. What histories of crime—what harrowing scenes of misery and woe—might some of these old walls have related! Imagination easily brings back the scowling ruffian seated by yon fireside, shading his eyes with his coarse and dirty hands; whilst ever and anon, a gleam of

diabolic exultation at the remembrance of undiscovered crimes, or satiated revenge, illuminates his fearful countenance. Peer back once more a few years into the past, and the same figure appears as the drunken father of a family. Around him stand his weeping wife, his pallid daughter, with her emaciated child, weaned in misery and brought up in vice; and yet farther, stretched on yon narrow, squalid bed of sickness, lies the grown-up son, expiating his debauched and misspent life by the prospect of an early death. But we are wandering back to years gone by. Times have changed, and are changing. Much good has been effected, more yet remains to be done, before the evils attendant upon a population constantly increasing have disappeared. Whatever faults this age may have been guilty of, it may be hoped, at least, that indifference towards our poorer brethren will not be ranked amongst them, if only those who have wealth and energy to spare, will bear in mind that there are still dens in this mighty Babel, containing, not mere wild beasts, but

countless beings of the same flesh and blood, soul and spirit, as themselves, of whom the world has hitherto known nothing but their crimes.

SCHOOLS IN EASTERN LONDON.

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THERE is a district in the heart of London, which, for ignorance, filth, and misery, long possessed an unhappy pre-eminence. It is contained in an area of seventeen acres, and is bounded on the east by Whitecross Street; on the north, by Old Street; west, by Goswell Street; south, by certain courts of Cripplegate parish. Many of the houses are mere kennels, not fit for dogs to live in, while the whole forms a net-work of the very lowest description of courts and alleys—forty-four of which are blind—the open ones leading one out of another, and eventually debouching in Whitecross and Goswell Streets. Some idea of the poverty of the district may be formed from the following facts:—There are, or were, 9500 persons contained in

1178 houses, the total rental of the district being 14,660*l.*, or about 12*l.* per house.

Some notion of its ignorance may be formed from the circumstance that three-fourths of the petitioners for schools to the Privy Council signed their names with a ×. The inhabitants of this district, we are told, are peculiar in their composition. They consist not only of a larger per-centage of rag-tag and bob-tail than is usually indigenous in a London parish, but also count amongst their numbers a very large proportion of the refuse population of their neighbours. Vagrants, thieves, and fortune-tellers, driven from their haunts elsewhere, here find a safe asylum, and add their mite to the already overgrown stock of filth and vagabondism. It is, *par excellence*, a costermongering district. This is a comprehensive name; and it applies equally to those who sell apples and to those who hawk fish and vegetables, or, to use the proper term, "get their living in the streets." They possess many characteristics in common with the lowest classes of all large towns. Their habits are

wild and lawless, while they are grossly ignorant and improvident; preferring to spend all they have, and be reduced to the verge of poverty and misery, rather than provide for an evil day out of the considerable profits they earn. Such was a cursory view of the educational and spiritual destitution of St. Thomas Charterhouse, in the year 1845.* But, happily, times are changed; sixteen years are past, and a great educational as well as material work has been accomplished. The substantial assistance of the Government, the contributions of the wealthy, and last, but not least, the spirited and untiring exertions of the late incumbent, who for sixteen years had devoted himself to the improvement and welfare of his parishioners, have produced a material and beneficial result, in the shape of solid brick and stone schools—the best monuments, in this nineteenth century, of individual perseverance and public liberality. The golden bird has been

* See a letter to Lord John Russell on the Educational Prospects of St. Thomas Charterhouse, by the Rev. W. Rogers. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longman.

some time producing its egg. Let us hope that the long-delayed appearance is an earnest of rapid reproduction.

No less an authority than the annual calendar of St. Thomas Charterhouse tells us that there are three sets of buildings belonging to the parish, and under the supervision of the clergyman. Large educational manufactories, where the raw material, of every size, sort, and shape, is brought to undergo the various processes of grinding, drilling, sorting, sifting, and polishing, till, after careful examination, it comes out the neat and finished article—cleanly and bright to look at—to be made useful in the progress of social economy, and to take its part in the various trades, arts, and manufactures of labouring life.

And first, let us enter the large manufactory attached to the church, and called "The Church Buildings." It consists of two rooms, on the north and south side of the church, and has accommodation for some five hundred children. It is eleven o'clock in the morning, and most

of the seats are full. Strangers and visitors are no novelty, so nobody is astonished at our entrance, and few little heads are turned to look at us. The plain furniture and fittings of the rooms contrast well with the simple dress of the teachers, and the tidy appearance of the pupils. No superfluity, no waste of time here; the whole has an air of business. The children themselves (a very uncommon circumstance, when public-school boys are learning the rudiments of the Latin tongue) seem to take an interest in the proceedings; and for this very good reason, the moment their attention is observed to flag, gymnastic exercises and songs are at once put in practice. One or two little heads are observed to be nodding, and two or three other little pair of eyes are wandering. Immediately the aid of the extension motions is called in. "Eyes," says the teacher, with the precision and sternness of Serjeant Pipeclay. In an instant every hand is attached to the eyebrows. "Feet;" down bends everybody to pick up stones, apparently. "Nose;" and a broad grin pervades the audience, as that prominent

part of the features is lightly touched, though not pulled; and so the intellectual wheel is kept constantly greased with the pleasant oil of relaxation. "Mens sana in corpore sano" is the principle acted on throughout; and well would it be if the adult would sometimes apply the same remedy to his overworked brains. The machine would last longer and work better. Verily wisdom is to be learnt even amongst babes. Passing through the passage outside, in an adjoining room are collected different classes of girls, more advanced in age and studies. The terms for the upper classes are ten shillings a quarter; and for this, in addition to a very comprehensive range of subjects, including *domestic economy*, marking, and needle-work (would that Belgravian mothers might read and profit, that their sons-in-law might not have such cause to lament), French, and fancy work are taught. In this room—what may be styled the aristocracy—the rank and fashion of the neighbourhood are to be met with. Some of the young ladies are exceedingly prepossessing and good-looking, and the

wonder is, that such fair flowers have not withered away in the foul atmosphere they have been brought up in. About all there was a pleasing intelligence, though the peculiar look of the eyes is suggestive of the confined, gin-drinking neighbourhood they had probably first seen light in. One mistress and eight pupil-teachers are judged sufficient to look after and instruct an average daily number of 141 girls. Attendance, of course, is not compulsory; as, in many instances, such a proceeding would often deprive parents of their children at a time when their services are most profitable. Moreover, to make study a pleasure is the constant endeavour of the original founder and supervisor. Crossing the street, we next enter the "*Red Buildings*," directly opposite the church, where accommodation is provided for some fifteen hundred boy scholars. They are divided thus: On the ground floor are the infant schools, the committee room, library, museum, and reading room. On the first floor the upper boys' and drawing schools are held. On the second floor is the national boys'

school. There are also evening classes here both for adults and for boys and girls. Some fifteen hundred children, of all ages and sizes, between three and seven, were pursuing their studies in the infant school, clapping their hands or joining in a song (really wonderfully in time, considering the composition of the choir) at a given signal. Spelling and the elementary portions of the "3 R's" were here taught. With regard to religious instruction, the judicious plan of not making compulsory that which may be prejudicial to the feelings of the parents has been pursued throughout. Social morality and duties, and a knowledge of right and wrong, are more aimed at than any particular system of doctrinal teaching. The duty of doing as one would be done by, is practically inculcated; and, before all things, cleanliness is insisted upon, that Godliness may ensue. Respect for one's neighbour and for one's self is justly held to be the great road to true religion. Of 244 children on the books, the average daily attendance is 138; and the terms are 3*d.* a week, or 2*s.* 9*d.* a quarter.

The object of the boys' upper school is to give a sound practical and commercial education, at a moderate expense, to the children of tradesmen and the middle classes. The school is divided into two sections—senior and junior—for which the terms are respectively 1*l.* and 15*s.* per quarter. The course of study combines French and Latin, mechanics, natural philosophy, physiology, chemistry, and social economy, in addition to the ordinary subjects of education. Examinations take place quarterly, to determine the progress of the boys and their position in future classes; and prizes are likewise awarded half-yearly, by competitive examination, to those who may have shown the greatest proficiency. The average daily attendance is about eighty.

The second boys' school is held in four rooms on the second floor. It is divided into nine classes, occupying three distinct rooms, each class being taught by a teacher, under the superintendence of a master. English grammar, composition, history, and vocal music are taught to the first four classes; and lessons are given to

the two upper classes once a week in social science and philosophy. The terms are, for the first and second classes, 5*s.* 6*d.* per quarter; for the third and fourth classes, 3*s.* 8*d.* per quarter; other classes, 2*s.* 9*d.* per quarter. Examinations are held frequently, and a competitive examination takes place once a year (open to all who have been in attendance six months) for five exhibitions to the upper school at half-fees. That these advantages are valued is proved by the daily attendance of over 250 boys. In both the upper and lower schools, examination papers were produced by the master, the written answers to which would have made many an Eton and Harrow boy blush for his ignorance. But here the composition of Greek and Latin verses is not thought to be the main object of life. No doubt such thoughts are disagreeable to the grown-up visitor; for if he feels at all about the matter, he must regret the many hours of schoolboy life wasted in such studies. It is pleasanter to turn to the Drawing School, or District School of Art, and hear what goes on

there. Instruction is given in the upper boys' school, on three evenings in the week, to artists and mechanics; and twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, they have the advantage of architectural and mechanical drawing, and elementary instruction in modelling clay and wax. More advanced classes receive further instruction on Mondays and Thursdays, in modelling from the antique, and from nature. Each student is required to provide himself with a strong board, a piece of flannel, and mould tools, clay alone being provided by the school. Women's evening classes are also held on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays; 12*s.* a quarter entitles the student to attend all classes. On the ground floor, adjoining the infants' school, two rooms are set apart for the reading room and library; the former is free to men and boys receiving instruction at the school, or to "outsiders" on the payment of half-a-crown a quarter. It is supplied with daily and weekly newspapers, and other periodicals, and is open every evening, from seven till ten. The library contains upwards of seven hundred

volumes, and is also free to all scholars, or to others on the payment of 1*s.* per quarter. Except on Saturday, and from three till four on Sunday, the room is open every evening, from seven till ten.

Sunday schools are held in the day schools, at which children are expected to attend, unless their parents wish otherwise. Instruction according to the doctrines of the Church of England is in most cases given by the voluntary Sunday school teachers. Of two hundred children on the books, the average attendance is above 120. Perhaps so good an attendance may in some measure be accounted for by the prizes which are half-yearly given for regularity of attendance and good conduct.

Issuing from the Red Buildings, we dived down two or three short cuts, through impassable alleys and miserable-looking courts, and finally debouched into a narrow street, whose general population, mineral, vegetable, and animal productions, whatever they may have been three hundred years ago, do not suggest at the present day that the Lane is paved with gold. Some of the

houses, however, are not without pretensions, and bear evident traces of having been occupied by a very superior class of inhabitants. The legend of the Lane is that it was Queen Elizabeth's nursery; if so, "the golden days of good Queen Bess" may have some meaning in them. The Bear and Ragged Staff Yard—so called from the arms of the Earl of Leicester—still exists, although the retainers of the gallant nobleman have long disappeared, leaving their "*Bears*" and "*Ragged Staff*" behind them. Indeed the schools are now the only buildings that keep up the credit of the Lane at all. Such is its present narrowness and ordinary impassability, that nothing but considerable adroitness and diplomacy, in addition to a little well-timed bribery, in the shape of a glass of wine, on the part of the late incumbent, induced the royal coachman to return a favourable report of the capacity of the Lane to receive the royal carriage, the day previous to the opening of the schools. The Golden Lane Schools, founded in May, 1856, and opened ten months afterwards,

by their Royal Highnesses the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales, are attended by the children of poor parents who reside in Golden Lane and its adjacent courts. The ground floor during the day is occupied by the infants' school and committee room, and the first and second floors by the girls' and boys' schools respectively; the accommodation provided being for one thousand scholars in all. Like the Goswell Street Schools, the building is also opened for classes in the evening. A reading-room and library is likewise attached, subject to the same regulations, with the exception that all readers are admitted free on application. In conformity with the smaller means of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, the terms for instruction, both for infant and adult pupils, are far less than at Goswell Street; the fees never exceeding 2*d.* per week in the former, and ranging from 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per week in the latter. Of course, for the small fee of 1*d.* per week the instruction is for the most part purely elementary; but both boys and girls are stimulated to exertion by the

privilege of being admitted to the higher classes at Goswell Street, without payment, if approved on examination. And in order further to encourage regular attendance and attention, clothes are given to the most deserving boys and girls as long as they remain at school. In the evening schools for women and girls who are employed during the day, instruction in sewing and knitting is included in the fee of 1*d.* a week.

Before concluding our brief sketch, it is but right to state that, amongst so much real useful instruction, the ornamental is not quite forgotten. French and singing classes both exist at Goswell Street; but of course (as luxuries only to be indulged in by the upper ten thousand of the neighbourhood) are proportionately taxed. Nevertheless, the French evening class numbers some twenty-five students of both sexes; and no doubt the singing of St. Thomas Charterhouse Church is immensely benefited by the classes which meet for the practice of sacred and secular music, on Tuesday evenings, from eight to ten o'clock.

Neither had the elementary singing class been without its effect in improving the musical bumps of the more youthful population, if we were to judge from the manner in which that patriotic song, "Ye mariners of England," was sung by a choir of the assembled boys' school at Golden Lane.

As we retraced our steps downstairs, we were nearly overwhelmed by legions of small children, suddenly let loose to air their brains, stretch their limbs, and eat their simple dinners in the back yard, till summoned again to school. The infant school had broken up temporarily; and to escape utter annihilation from the tiny swarms streaming out of every door, following the example of M. du Chaillu, when surrounded by Bashikouay ants, we beat a hasty retreat.

One word more before the reader beats a hasty retreat too. Thus much has been said of the manufactory. It is but right to say something of the manufacturer. Sixteen years ago, not one of the buildings just described was in existence. The whole parish was a

howling wilderness of ignorance and wretchedness, inhabited by hordes of ill-clad, dirty children, the offspring of parents who might well plead the indifference and apathy of the governing classes as an excuse for their lawlessness. Not that charity did not exist; only there was no one to turn the charitable stream towards this abode of vice and squalor. It was left to the perseverance and energy of the late incumbent to effect this; and that he has nobly fulfilled his task, the wonderful success with which his efforts for sixteen years have been crowned amply testify. Between 1845 and 1856, the average number of scholars at the Goswell Street Schools amounted to 1739; while, since 1856, the date of the foundation of the Golden Lane Schools, the average attendance has risen to little short of 2000, the number of names on the books amounting to 3345. To sum up, eight day and ten evening schools have been called into existence in one of the worst districts of London—giving instruction to between three and four thousand adults and children, at an

annual expense, incredible as it may appear, of 1920*l.*!! All honour, then, to the exertions of him who, under Divine blessing, has not only been the means of directing the attention of the public to so good a work, but has been mainly instrumental in distributing the contributions thus collected to so good an account. Nevertheless, there is a black side to this smiling picture. Virtue, it has been long said, is its own reward. It is pre-eminently the case in this instance. True it is that these schools have received a liberal measure of government and public support: much still is needed before they cease to be a tax on the very small stipend of their worthy treasurer. The mill has been set going, but to make it equal to its constantly increasing and unremunerative labours, more capital is required; still, what has already been done demands our highest admiration, as a living testimony of how much good can be effected with the smallest means, when perseveringly used for a right purpose. The workman is indeed worthy of his work, and

the work of its origin. From the stranger it is well worth a passing visit, and from the general public it will, no doubt, continue to merit the support it has so deservingly won.

NEWGATE, PAST AND PRESENT.

NEWGATE, PAST AND PRESENT.

FALSTAFF.—"How now, lad? is the wind in that door i' faith? must we all march?"

BARDOLPH.—"Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion."

SHAKSPEARE.—Henry IV., Part I., act iii. sc. 3.

STOWE tells us, in the 1st Book of his Chronicles, that in consequence of the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the widening of the churchyard about the year 1108, the streets from Aldgate to Ludgate became so crowded by the increase of traffic, that carriages going westward through the city were forced to pass by a circuitous route before they could reach their destination. "Which passage," he goes on to say, "by reason of so often turning, was very cumbersome and dangerous both to horse and man. For remedy whereof a *New-gate* was made and so called, by which men and cattle might pass more directly."

In those good old times, offenders were many and gaols were few. We next find, some half a century later, in the days of King John, that the gate was in common use as a gaol. No doubt Jews who steadily refused to discover their ill-gotten wealth to the king's officers were amongst the first prisoners; the more obstinate, perhaps, patiently awaiting the loss of their teeth, if not of their ingots. In the middle of the next reign, we are told that Aaron, the son of Abraham, a London Jew, and other Jews, were "constrained (the particular species of constraint is left to our imagination) to pay 2000 marks at two terms in the year, or else to be kept perpetual prisoners in Newgate of London and other prisons."

But infidels and heretics appear not to have been long the only tenants of the new gaol; for we read, soon after, that Henry III., displeased with the City of London on account of the escape from prison of one John Offrem, a priest, who had committed the high crime and misdemeanour of killing a prior related to the queen, imprisoned the sheriffs for

a month, and demanded a fine of 3000 marks from the City!!

From this time (the middle of the thirteenth century) the dismal roll of the Newgate Calendar may fairly be said to have commenced. Traitors and thieves—eminent statesmen and noted highwaymen—defaulters to the State and debtors to the subject—jostle each other in the long train that sweeps by in the course of centuries to the dungeon or the scaffold. Robert Baldocke, King Edward III.'s chancellor, is the first to head the list. More than a hundred years later, in 1457, in consequence of a brawl between Sir Thomas Percy, Lord Egremond, and the Earl of Salisbury's sons, we read that Lord Egremond was condemned to pay a large sum of money to the Earl of Salisbury, or, in default, to be confined in Newgate. Soon after, Lord Egremond and the two Percys, taking advantage of the disturbed state of the kingdom, managed to break out of prison and take refuge with the king; but their fellow prisoners, less fortunate in their attempt to follow so inviting an example, were discovered,

overpowered by the citizens, and placed in irons. We hear little of Newgate in the sixteenth century. The fires of Smithfield may possibly have been supplied with victims from its dreary dungeons; but of ordinary malefactors there is little or no account.

Passing on to the year 1612, we find that Mr. Robert Dow, a rich citizen of London, by his will appointed the sexton or bellman of St. Sepulchre's to pronounce solemnly two exhortations to the persons condemned; for which, and for ringing the passing bell for them as they were carried in the cart by the said church, he left 26*l.* 8*s.* yearly for ever.

The exhortation to be pronounced to the condemned prisoners in Newgate the night before their execution ran thus:—

"You prisoners that are within—who for wickedness and sin, after many mercies shown you, are now appointed to die to-morrow in the forenoon—give ear and understand that to-morrow morning the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you in form and manner of a

passing bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death. To the end that all godly people hearing that bell, and knowing it is for you going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow His grace and mercy upon you whilst you live. I beseech you, for Jesus Christ His sake to keep this night in watching and prayer for the salvation of your own souls while there is yet time and place for mercy, as knowing to-morrow you must appear before the judgment-seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life; and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against him, unless upon your hearty and unfeigned repentance you find mercy through the merits, death, and passion of your only Mediator and Advocate Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for as many of you as penitently turn to him."

Then followed the admonition to be pronounced to the condemned as they passed by St. Sepulchre's Church wall to execution :—

"All good people pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners, who are now going to their death, for whom this great bell doth toll.

"You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears. Ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your own souls, through the merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto him.

"Lord have mercy upon you.

"Christ have mercy upon you.

"Lord have mercy upon you.

"Christ have mercy upon you."

This practice continued till the 9th of December, 1783, when the first execution took place before the walls of the prison, and hanging at Tyburn* was definitively given up. What has become of the yearly payment of 26*l.* 8*s.* is less certain. It may be surmised, however, that the

* The manor of Tyburn was formerly held by one Richard Jacquett, whence we have, according to an old authority, the name "Jack Ketch."

present sexton, with a due regard to vested rights, pockets the honorarium, and leaves the exhortation to be given by the chaplain.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Newgate had the honour of becoming the last resting-place of the ill-fated and illustrious Lord Russell, who was taken from thence in July, 1683, and beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Penn, the Quaker, is also said to have been confined there; and Defoe, whilst under sentence of imprisonment for a libel, revenged himself by commencing one of his greatest works within the prison walls. In 1720, the notorious Jack Sheppard here effected, though heavily ironed, one of the most remarkable escapes of modern times; and in Newgate it was that Messrs. Figg and Hogarth, the prizefighter and painter, are reported to have paid the dying thief a visit. Who knows what happy inspirations the condemned cell may not suddenly have called forth, and how much Science and Art are indebted for many of the scenes in the "Idle Apprentice" to that occasion? In 1793, the

half-witted and fanatical Lord George Gordon breathed his last in Newgate, having caught the gaol fever during his long confinement in the prison; and lastly, it was in front of the prison walls that in 1820 the Cato Street conspirators, Thistlewood and his companions, expiated their offences on the scaffold.

Perhaps no prison has seen greater vicissitudes than Newgate; none certainly has risen so often or so rapidly from its ashes, to exist after the lapse of seven centuries in more than its pristine vigour. More consistent in character than the Tower, the grim prison still endures—a terror to all evil-doers—whilst its aristocratic rival at the East End has gradually subsided into a garrisoned storehouse, leaving its traitor's gate, torture chambers, and dungeons as matters for the historian to chronicle, or as a fruitful field for the imagination of the novelist to draw upon. Newgate has been thrice rebuilt, and twice burnt down. Agreeably to the munificent bequest of Sir Richard Whittington, the gaol was rebuilt in 1422 by his executors. It was again thoroughly

rebuilt after the Great Fire of London in 1672, and restored and improved as it now stands between 1770 and 1783, the prison being burnt down during the progress of the works at the time of the Gordon riots in 1780.* The buildings at that time had a very narrow escape of being totally and irretrievably destroyed. The story is most graphically told by Lord Stanhope in the last volume of his "History of England," and will hardly be out of place here. He says:—

"On Tuesday afternoon (June 3rd, 1780), about six o'clock, a vast multitude appeared in front of Newgate, shouting aloud for the freedom of their brother rioters committed on the Friday night. Mr. Akerman, the keeper, firmly refused to betray his duty or deliver the prisoners, upon which his house was attacked and presently in flames. The wines and spirits in his cellar supplied, and not in vain, opportunity for most brutal drunkenness. Meanwhile the yells of the mob without the prison were

* The new prison on the separate system has been built within the last thirty years.

answered by the wild cries of the felons from within; some of these in hope of liberty, others in dread of conflagration. So strong was the prison itself that it might have been defended at least against the rabble by a mere handful of resolute men; such men, however, were wholly wanting at that place and time. Sledge-hammers and pickaxes were plied with slight effect against the iron studded doors, but they were set on fire by means of Mr. Akerman's furniture, which was drawn out and piled close upon them. The flames also from Mr. Akerman's house quickly spread to the chapel, and from the chapel to the cells, and made a gap for the mob to enter. Thus, ere long, they were in riotous possession of the prison. All the prisoners, to the number of three hundred, comprising four under sentence of death, and ordered for execution on the Thursday morning, were released. No attempts were made to check, and many to extend the flames. Thus was Newgate, at that time the strongest, and, as might have been supposed, the securest of all

our English gaols, which had lately been rebuilt at a charge of no less than 140,000*l.*, lorded over that night by a frantic populace, and reduced to a smouldering ruin. Within a few hours there was nothing left of the stately edifice beyond some bare stone walls too thick and massy for the force of fire to bring down."

Old Newgate was divided into four sides—viz., the Master's side—the Cabin side (so called from the cabin bedsteads)—the Common side and the Women's side. The most celebrated part of the old structure was called the Press Yard, in which the hard measure of the law, "peine forte et dure," was inflicted on criminals who, with a view to save their property (forfeited by law on conviction), refused to plead at the bar. The old prison indeed needed no romantic addition to its natural horrors. Formerly all the prisoners alike, whether innocent or guilty, were exposed to the same chance of contagion as they would have incurred had they been confined in a fever hospital. The filthy habits of the inmates, combined with bad drainage, insuffi-

cient food, and the overcrowding of the wards, constantly produced a disease better known as the gaol fever. Nor were its ravages always confined to the imprisoned; for, in 1414, we are told that the gaolers of Newgate and Ludgate died of the fever, in addition to sixty-four prisoners. Again in 1750, the gaol distemper broke out with such virulence, that the Sessions House close by became infected, and Sir Samuel Pennant (the Lord Mayor), Baron Clark, Sir Thomas Abney, and some of the counsel and jury, fell victims to the disease. Untoward as such an event was, it was no doubt conducive of good in the end—as, by drawing the public attention to the horrible state of Newgate and other gaols, it materially assisted Howard the philanthropist in his schemes of prison reform. Nothing indeed could be worse than the treatment of prisoners at that time. In the matter of food and lodging, the convict, the prisoner for trial, and even the debtor, fared alike. A full purse availed quite as much within the prison walls as it did outside, and poverty was looked upon and

treated as a crime. Nightly scenes of drunkenness were of the commonest occurrence. No attempt to separate the prisoners according to age was made, and the most hardened ruffians were habitually locked up with boys just commencing a career of crime. In the midst of these drunken orgies the gaolers seldom cared to put in an appearance till morning; and in the event of any unusual riot, the warder on watch, even so recently as thirty years ago, when parts of the old prison were still in use, was accustomed to creep up the staircase and furtively extinguish the light.

The reforms so much needed in the time of Howard have been now, however, effectually carried out. The first stone of the present building (designed by George Dance, the architect of the Mansion House) was laid by Alderman Beckford, in May 1770. The approach to the gaol by the Old Bailey is not inviting. The journey from the West End reminds one forcibly, in the present crowded state of our streets, of the origin of the prison, and the

necessity that still exists of a new thoroughfare to the New Gate of London. Once arrived before the private gate leading to the prison offices, the inconvenience of the narrow approaches, terminating in a dreary glimpse of black and frowning walls, is soon forgotten. The necessary order is produced, accompanied with a request to see the governor, and you are pleased to find that the autocrat of the prison, whom you had pictured to yourself as the stern unfeeling minister of justice, receives you with the most condescending politeness, and readily offers to show you over his domain; as if experience did not teach him that the generality of visitors were intolerable bores, apparently created for the purpose of trying the official temper by their inquisitiveness.

Looking towards the west, the new male prison is on the right; the exercise yards and old portion of the prison are situated in the centre; and the female prison is placed on the left. Not including the wards of the old prison, which are now no longer used, the male side

will accommodate about a hundred and thirty, and the female side about seventy prisoners. The cells, however, are seldom full, and the daily average is from seventy to ninety males, and forty to fifty females. The staff of the prison is not large, considering the number of the prisoners, and the duties required to be done. Fourteen warders and two matrons are deemed sufficient to control some 150 prisoners of both sexes, and to supply the escorts necessary to convey convicts to other gaols. On the other hand, as Newgate is now used principally as a house of detention for those who are committed to trial, the majority of the prisoners, being merely subjected to confinement, have not the same incitement to break the rules as those who are undergoing their sentences.

Before entering the new prison on the male side, the visitor is conducted to the bread room, where the daily rations are served out. Here a very ordinary cupboard stands at one side of the door, which, on being unlocked, reveals, not loaves of bread, but a well-arranged armoury,

fit for the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's! Handcuffs of all sizes and shapes, ponderous leg-irons reputed to have been worn by Jack Sheppard, a large axe, handed down to posterity as the identical weapon manufactured to decapitate the Cato Street Conspirators, but which better-founded tradition says was superseded at the last moment by the surgeon's knife; and lastly, several sets of black leather straps with thongs and buckles, used to fasten round the bodies and pinion the hands of the condemned before execution.

The cravings of curiosity once satisfied by a hurried inspection of the inside of this miniature Bluebeard's cupboard, there is a feeling of relief when the door is again carefully locked, and the way shown to the new male prison, through a corridor leading by a circular glass room placed immediately under the chapel, where the prisoners are enabled to consult their attorneys, in sight, but out of hearing of the officer in charge of them. A passage hedged in on both sides with double rows of bars and wires, with space

sufficient in each row for an officer to stand, so constructed that prisoners may see and speak to their friends, under proper supervision, brings the visitor at once to the new wing. This is the portion of the gaol that the *Times* correspondent, giving an account of the execution of the Pirates, aptly described as "a lofty, warm, and spacious building, lighted from the top, and with a series of stone balustrades or balconies one over the other, running in front of the cells, built into the walls around." In the centre is a black board, with "silence" marked in large letters. Descending the staircase to the regions below, at one end are situated the dark cells used for the punishment of refractory prisoners, who are confined here for periods not exceeding three days, on third-class diet of bread and water. The entire absence of light, the plank bedstead, and the low diet, are said to be effectual where other punishments short of whipping have failed. At the opposite end is a large iron press, connected by pipes with a steam boiler. By a little ingenious mechanism, the clothes of the newly-

admitted prisoners are thrown into this metal dirty clothes basket, the lid is screwed down, and the steam turned on; and the result is that, whilst the owner is being washed in a bath close by, his clothes are thoroughly purged of those members of the insect kingdom who have taken advantage of so convenient a shelter, deposited in store and replaced by the prison dress.

Mounting the stairs again, each prisoner may be visited in his separate cell. No difference is made between the convict and the accused, with the exception that the former is compelled to pick oakum, whilst the latter can only be employed voluntarily. The same clean stone box with its wooden table and stool, hammock bed and metal basin, and W. C. with water supply attached, is allotted to all alike. There is, indeed almost too great an appearance of comfort, when compared with the pigstyes and hovels of honest men outside. Each cell is nicely warmed and ventilated, and in the corner may be seen three triangular wooden shelves, where instructive and amusing books, such as "Pitcairn's Islanders," and

the "Pilgrim's Progress," are to be seen, side by side with the pocket-comb, the use of which the prisoner has probably for the first time learnt. Verily the inhabitants of the crowded old dungeons of Newgate, with their swarms of vermin, damp floors, and infected atmosphere, would smile in derision, could they but see the comforts, and even luxuries, that the misplaced philanthropy of the present day provides for its most hardened criminals!

The cool unconcern with which any one warder walks into a prisoner's cell, stands and converses with him with the door open, is worthy of remark; as if the possibility of the convict resenting the intrusion by committing an assault, or attempting to throw himself or anybody else over the banisters in a rash endeavour to escape, were out of the question.

Descending again to the ground floor, and passing by a passage to the right, through a door leading to an exercise yard, the visitor is conducted to the condemned cells. They are two in number, fitted up much in the same way as

ordinary cells, only double their size—a space being set apart for the warder on watch, who by the regulations of the prison is bound to keep the convict in sight. Formerly the custom was different. Prisoners under sentence of death were then locked up and left to their own devices till the morning of execution; and it was no uncommon occurrence to find that they had cheated the gallows and made away with themselves. Now-a-days, the convict's last hours are smoothed away as much as possible, and his creature comforts liberally but not luxuriously indulged. "We give them," says the guide, "a little ale or stout to keep their spirits up; perhaps a piece of mutton instead of beef; but we don't pamper them as they do in some prisons. You would hardly credit it, sir, that the other day, a convict, in a country gaol, was asked what he particularly fancied; and what do you think was the answer? Boiled fowls and asparagus! And do you know, sir" (this was spoken with a certain emphasis and a pardoning smile of official pity), "they were fools enough to give it him"!!

Leaving the condemned cells, steps are rapidly retraced to the main entrance of the gaol. Another exercise yard is crossed, and the centre building or surviving remnant of old Newgate is reached. Here the guide shows the way to a large room, no longer inhabited, containing several old iron bedsteads, with an antiquated fireplace, and the identical low iron-barred windows (familiarized to all schoolboy readers by the well-known prints in Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's once popular novel of "Jack Sheppard"), recounting as he walks along how in olden times, before the separate system was in vogue, male convicts of every age and character were confined together. In those days the windows were patched with paper, glass being found by experience to be expensive, as the prisoners always made a point of breaking the windows the night before they were removed to Cold-Bath Fields to undergo their sentences. Passing through another room of the same description, and leaving on his left a large circular air-shaft, which has all the appearance of an old well-hole out of repair, the visitor

is conducted through an iron gate into a kind of back yard, leading by a flight of steps, through a second gate to the right, into a still narrower yard, running between two high walls, and paved unevenly with flags. In this spot the last sentence of the law—viz. that of burying criminals, after execution, in the precincts of the gaol—is carried out. The bodies, after being cut down, are placed in shells full of quicklime, the clothes having been previously cut or burnt off, and are then summarily deposited under the pavement without the smallest ceremony. But for the initial letters on the walls, over every flagstone, pointing out the burial place of each murderer, there is little to attract attention in this yard.

The conversation, on the way back, not unnaturally turns upon the hangman. That dread functionary of the law, it appears, is a maligned individual, notwithstanding the popular opinion to the contrary, and feels much aggrieved that he should have been described in the *Times* as "a short, thick-set, shabby man, with venerable white locks and beard which his sinister face

belied, cringing with fawning deference to all he passed." Calcraft is by trade a cobbler, more enthusiastic in his calling, perhaps, than successful. Be that as it may, a natural disposition for the undertaking, together with the chance of earning no inconsiderable number of additional guineas, may be charitably supposed to have persuaded him that stitching shoes and tying up men were not altogether incompatible with each other. Considering the nature of his occupation, his pay is not exorbitant. As a State official of no small importance, attached to the staff of Newgate, he receives a guinea a week; for every convict hanged in London he receives another guinea in addition. If required to go to the country, however, on particular business, his terms rise in proportion, and he has been known to get as much as £20 for the job, it being understood that in all cases he pays his travelling expenses, and finds the rope wherewith to exercise his office. His income, exclusive of what he makes by cobbling, of course varies. The reprieve of Townley, for instance, was a severe loss to him; and he is

said, in a professional point of view, to have looked upon himself as deprived of his just due by Sir George Grey's vacillating conduct. Making allowance for these occasional disappointments, his emoluments, nevertheless, are large, and his income from wielding the rope of justice amounts to nearly two hundred pounds a year. The price of hanging a criminal has, it appears, risen considerably since the year 1813. From an old bill of that date, made out when Sir John Silvester was Recorder of London, the fees of the executioner were reckoned at 7*s.* 6*d.*; for stripping the body, 4*s.* 6*d.*; for the use of shell, 2*s.* 6*d.*; 14*s.* 6*d.* in all. Hangman's wages used to be counted as thirteen-pence halfpenny; but a note to Butler's "Hudibras" shows us that this had nothing to do with payment to the hangman. It alludes to an old law of the forest of Hardwick, by which every felon taken within the liberty, with stolen goods to the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny, should, after three market days, be taken to the Halifax gibbet, and have his head cut off from his body.

Disagreeable as the hangman's office may seem now-a-days, it is a mistake to suppose that the honour of being his assistant is not constantly and even eagerly sought after. No less than five separate applications were made to the Governor to fill the post at the execution of the "Flowery Land" pirates. The privilege of appointing an assistant is generally conceded to Calcraft himself, and the Governor of the gaol is thus, very properly, relieved of the responsibility, should anything in the arrangements for carrying out the sentence go wrong; whilst Calcraft acquires additional confidence, by the knowledge that he can depend upon his subordinates in the performance of their office. The "art of hanging" is now much better understood than formerly; and it may be safely asserted, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, that there is no more painless or humane mode of death. There can be little doubt that the mental pain produced by the terror of approaching death is far greater than the mere physical pain of hanging. According to the best medical authorities, even

if the neck of the convict be not broken by the weight of the body, death is instantaneously caused by the effusion of blood on the brain consequent on strangulation. Perhaps no greater proof of the painlessness of the present form of capital punishment could be adduced than the peaceful expression of countenance which remains after death. In this, as in other matters, humanity has made great strides since the days when Newgate was first a prison. Malefactors are neither burnt, boiled alive, nor pressed to death; and "the drop" has by public consent long superseded the cumbersome old methods of hanging by means of the ladder or of the cart. The inefficient mode of execution in olden times is exemplified by the immemorial custom, of which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, "that if upon the intended execution of the criminal he be not thoroughly hanged, the sheriff is bound to hang him again; nor was he allowed to take the benefit of sanctuary, or to flee the realm." Such a contingency, it need not be stated, cannot occur now, as the convict is

not cut down till an hour after the execution, and the surgeon of the prison is bound to examine the body and certify that death has taken place. The sheriff may, however, still be placed in an unpleasant predicament; for if no executioner can be found, he is equally bound to execute the sentence on the criminal himself. A dilemma of this kind happened at a recent period. A sheriff of some distant county in North Wales applied to the Governor not long ago for Calcraft's services. "I am sorry you can't have him," was the reply; "but he happens to be particularly engaged on that day in Suffolk." As the time was very short, and no assistant was to be had in that part of the country, the poor sheriff came up to town to have a personal interview with the Governor, to press the urgency of the case. The Governor again expressed his sorrow that Calcraft could not be in Suffolk and Wales at the same time, and suggested an interview with the Home Secretary. "Apply for a postponement," he said; "and if not granted, why, you and the under-sheriff must hang him

between you." Much agitated and alarmed, Mr. —— rushed off at once to the Home Office; but Sir George Grey was not in. Despairing of success, more especially as the execution was to take place the next day, Mr. —— returned in a dreadful state of distress to the Carlton Club. There he had the good fortune to meet almost the only two M.P.'s he was acquainted with, the members of his own county, on their way to the House of Commons, and they promised to intercede for him with the Home Secretary, a promise which had the happy result of at once bringing about the desired postponement and of sending Mr. —— back to Wales in a calmer state of mind. With this story, we take leave of the subject, and hope with the Governor that the hangman did his duty. One word as to the future.

The temporary confinement of penal servitude men within the gaol, owing to the overcrowded state of Government prisons, is much to be regretted, as it tends to destroy the character of the prison as a House of Detention and a place of

confinement for the condemned, and interferes in no slight degree with the discipline. If, however, the exigencies of the State require that penal servitude men should be kept there for a time, it seems only reasonable to expect that adequate provision should be made for their employment in some more severe labour than oakum picking. Their treatment, too, should be essentially different from that of persons waiting their trial; and the little luxuries in the fitting up of their cells, such as amusing books, separate stools and tables, &c., might be well dispensed with. In such ways, Newgate might show an example of much value to the prisons of the present day; viz. that of holding a "juste milieu" between the advocates of the cat-o'-nine-tails and the gallows as the only perfect cure for all crimes, and the school of humanitarians who wish to treat prisoners as pet dogs. As we have seen, in point of seniority and celebrity Newgate has deservedly long held one of the first places in the list of the felon gaols of England. Associated as it is with the peculiar form of capital punishment in use in

this country, its name has no doubt excited at times both terror and disgust. It has, however, been a standing guarantee for the preservation of life and property throughout the many centuries of its existence; and for this alone the inhabitants of London owe it a deep debt of gratitude. But it has claims to their reverence and respect as well. Seldom if ever used to crush political liberty, it stands absolved from the stigma attached to the name of so many of the great Continental prisons. Unlike the Bastile, the name of Newgate has never become hateful to the people as the emblem of tyranny; yet, if it be allowable to compare the two, their histories have had some points of resemblance. Both have been stormed and burnt—the one in a revolution, the other in a riot; both have been the scene of popular lawlessness in a greater or lesser degree. The parallel, however, ceases there. In the fate of each there is a marked difference. The one has perished for ever as an instrument of despotic government, whilst the other has risen again triumphant from its ashes, as the representative of law and order.

FRENCH CONVICT LIFE.

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THE regulations and orders issued by the French Government in its paternal interest for the welfare of French convicts and their keepers are lying on the table before me. A dull, uninteresting record enough at first sight, and yet, dive a little farther, and amidst the cabalistic signs and official hieroglyphics of those blue-coloured masses of rags, useful if not interesting information will reward the diligent inquirer. There is even enough for a lively imagination to feed upon; for it may well be open to doubt whether Dante's Inferno hid in as small a compass as much stolid roguery and heartfelt misery as the precise and formal type of these regulations (prescribing the life, rewards, and punishments of many thousands of human beings) throws an official veil over. The veil indeed, we have lately

had reason to know, is sometimes lifted, and with effect, when the powerful imagination and brilliant language of the novelist clothes these dry and arid details with glowing pictures of martyrs worthy of a better cause; but there the resemblance stops. The worlds of imagination and reality clash, and a high-coloured representation of the inward struggle between the good and evil genius of the convict hero, however ably put upon the stage, may melt to tears, without convincing. Formerly the novelist and the play-writer claimed our admiration for those dashing heroes of schoolboy days—the Turpins and Claud du Vals. Now they endeavour to excite a sentimental pity for the forlorn convict, pining in prison, or struggling through the world, turned adrift by a merciless society, which, instead of cherishing the amiable viper in its bosom, and allowing it to prey upon the weak and defenceless animals of its own species, has the bad taste to shut it up where it can do no harm. This process of domesticating wild animals at the expense of the more civilized com-

munity, has not as yet been brought to perfection; but its advocates—Messrs. Charles Reade and Victor Hugo—do not despair, any more than did Swift's Laputan philosophers, of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. Let us see, then, how far the real Jean Valjean differs from the ideal.

Prior to the year 1854, not to go back to the days of the sixteenth century, when French convicts rowed in galleys, and were under the command of a general, depôts for convict labour were at different times established at most of the principal seaport towns of France, and each had its separate establishment and organization. After the conquest of Algeria, a few were transported thither, and still more recently Cayenne was made use of for the same purpose. The rapid changes of government between 1848 and 1852 rendered this draughting all the more necessary, to prevent the prisons from becoming gorged with political prisoners, whose room at such times was always more pleasant than their company. No organized system, however, was adopted till the year 1854. In that year a law was

passed by which it was provided that all convicts for the future should undergo their sentences, as far as was practicable, in a French colony; and farther, at its expiration that they should be forced to reside in the colony for a period of time equal in duration to their sentence. Should, however, the sentence exceed eight years, then it was enacted that the period of residence should extend to their lives. The object of this law was declared to be twofold. 1st. At the same time that the new arrangement was declared to be less expensive and more efficacious, it afforded a chance of supplying a want much felt in French settlements—namely, a constant stream of able-bodied colonists. 2ndly. It relieved society at home of a vast number of *mauvais sujets*, and the authorities, of the trouble of watching them. All the convict establishments in France were forthwith abolished, with the exception of Toulon, which was assigned as a temporary place of residence, through which the convicts were to be draughted to the colonies. Great difficulty was at first felt in putting this last provision

into practice; as, owing to the employment of the ordinary convict ships as war transports, the number of convicts at Toulon have latterly largely increased, and it has happened that some have fulfilled their sentences, and have been liberated in France. In order, therefore, to avoid the recurrence of such an event, with the exception of those invalided from sickness or old age, or from physical disqualification for a tropical climate, it is now provided that those whose sentences have nearly expired shall be the first to be transported to the colonies.

Such of our readers as have wintered in Italy, and in their journeys thither have lingered a day at Toulon, surrounded by its barren burnt-up hills, radiating heat at every point, and wanting only smoke and lava to make them the craters of as many volcanoes, will call to mind the manacled convict sweating under the semi-tropical heat, amid the busy quays and workshops of the arsenal. If the visitor be curious and observant, he will not fail to see a sentry or a corps de garde every ten paces he takes, whilst here and there,

over a drawbridge or in a narrow pass, he will find himself face to face with a cannon frowning like Cerberus at the Gates of Hell. Let him accompany the convict to his barrack-room, or watch him at his meals, and he will find that a slanting bed of boards with chain attached —a frugal meal of bread or biscuit with cheese, a little oil and dried vegetables, and still less of the most ordinary vin ordinaire—will compose the creature comforts allowed him by the State. In vain the stranger looks around for some slight alleviation to the rigid fare and furniture of the place. No garnished or ornamental cell is there, no pleasant reading books lent by a philanthropic chaplain meet his eyes, no fragrant soup or pudding, no tempting bowl of cocoa, regale his nostrils with their perfume. All is cleanly, but all is so arranged that the bare necessaries of life are alone afforded. Let him look well at the wretched outcast of society toiling in the midday sun, then at the end of the day's work see him stretch himself upon his wooden bed, his eyes unconsciously turned

towards the Code Pénal du Bagne, which tells him that his smallest crimes are liable to be visited with the *bastonnade*: and if the visitor is imbued with the commonest feelings of thankfulness for his lot in life, he will thank Providence he is not as these men. If, on the other hand, he is a stern upholder of the law, he will look with something akin to gratification upon the criminal undergoing his well-merited punishment, and will mutter to himself, as he compares the Government bill of fare at Portland—"Ah, they manage these things better in France." Good Mr. Samaritan, spare your sympathy; and you, Mr. Brutus, restrain your righteous indignation. The French convict's lot, bad as it appears, is not as bad as you suppose. It has its bright side as well as its dark. 'Tis true he lives a life of punishment, and that neither his guardians nor society have an especial interest in feeding him better or working him less than honest men. 'Tis true also that parading about in a green or red night-cap, with a chain around one's leg, is a more salutary though less dignified exercise than

shouting the Marseillaise in a *bonnet rouge* at the head of an émeute: but, taking all things into consideration, the real Jean Valjean, though he may have stolen bread in a fit of hunger, and been recommitted as an escaped convict, has not so much to complain of. His bed and board we have already described. The latter undergoes some little change on his arrival at Cayenne, for there both fresh meat and grog are occasionally served out to him; and, provided he is not under punishment, a ration of tobacco is likewise allowed. Then as to work, his day commences at five and ends at eight. Of this he is obliged to labour seven hours, from six to ten a.m., and from half-past two to half-past five p.m. Two and a half hours are allotted to him for meals, and the rest of the time is devoted to ablution, rest, &c. On Sundays and fête-days, religious duties, recreation, and rest take the place of work; for the Government, though justly and necessarily strict, is not a hard taskmaster. By a special regulation it is provided that all convicts, with the exception of those on fatigue

duty, shall be remunerated for their labour, and the proceeds devoted to the benefit of the convict. It is thus apportioned. The value of the labour is reckoned as equal to three-fifths of the value of a free man's labour. Of the sum so acquired a fourth is put into a fund for the benefit of the convict at the expiration of his sentence, the remaining three-fourths, under the name of "deniers," is remitted to him as pocket-money, subject to the condition that he never possesses more than ten francs at a time. Those convicts who are condemned for life, having no future use for a reserve fund, receive one-fourth less than the other convicts, or seven-twentieths of the sum which would be paid to a free labourer.

As has been already observed, the law of 1854 provides that convicts should, from that time forward, be no longer liberated in France. It is not, however, retrospective. Those convicted before that date are consequently set free at Toulon. In such an event, "secours de route" are given to help the convict to reach the

place he has fixed upon to reside in. No other help or employment, however, is afforded to him by the Government, except the portion of money he is entitled to from the reserve fund, or "pecule;" and should he leave the residence fixed upon without proper authority, he is liable to be committed to prison and tried at the next assizes. The Government indeed is so fully aware that the returned convict's means of support are precarious, that even a forced sojourn under surveillance in the warm regions of Cayenne is thought to be preferable to starvation, or to a fresh relapse into crime. Finally, convicts who, in consequence of previous convictions, have not been transported to Cayenne, under the provisions of the law of 1854, are sent to Belle Isle, where food and work more suitable to their age are apportioned them.

In taking leave of this subject, it is but right to remark that there is one little omission in the official returns. The result of the bill is carefully noted down, in the shape of the crimes, professions, and numbers of the convicts fed by

the State; but the cost of such a proceeding, a subject far more interesting to French tax-payers, is left to the realms of imagination. Meagre as is the information on this subject when compared with the voluminous details published in the English prison reports, there are some points which really deserve our notice, and which may be summed up shortly as follows:—

1. The material comforts, one might almost say the luxurious ease, of the convicts, which in our prisons of late years have been so unnecessarily increased, do not exist under the French system. Except for the sick and aged, vegetable food, such as honest labourers earn by the sweat of their brow, is the ordinary fare of the prison inmate.

2. A fair remuneration, namely, three-fifths of a labourer's hire, is allowed to the convict in the form of pocket money or gratuity on discharge; and thus a pledge for good conduct, and an incitement to work well and heartily, are simultaneously given and encouraged.

3. The forced residence of the convict in a colony after the expiration of his sentence frees the mother country of that most dangerous of all classes, ticket-of-leave men.

That we in England have something to learn on these matters is pretty well admitted by all but those in authority who have an especial interest in upholding the present system. Year after year as each winter rolls round, despite the assertions of the late Sir Joshua Jebb to the contrary, and the angry recriminations of Sir George Grey in the House of Commons, the public have to complain of a constant recurrence of audacious burglaries or street outrages, which, rightly or wrongly, increases the already prevailing mistrust of a prison discipline that, to all appearance, neither deters from crime nor adequately punishes the criminal.

If only to prove that even the eyes of officials have long been opened to the present unsatisfactory treatment of convicts, it will not be amiss to quote here an extract from the Annual Report of the Chaplain attached to Portland Prison,

for the year 1861. Coming from such a source, it is perhaps one of the keenest satires ever written upon the present mode of conducting our prisons.

It runs thus: "For the incorrigible convict by trade and choice, the arrangements of this well-ordered prison are of no avail, either for improvement or terror. He knows every prison rule, and is familiar with what he has to expect on conviction, from the routine of the close prison to public works and liberty. The utmost punishment he has to undergo is what he sees every day, and the yoke is not a hard or a burdensome one. There is nothing of terror to such a mind, and those remedies for good offered to his companions he will have nothing to do with, and indeed despises them all. He is evidently in a wrong place in being sent to Portland."

Compare this with the opinion of the Governor of Western Australia, in a despatch to the late Duke of Newcastle, and the unanimity of evidence from two such different quarters becomes the

more striking. He says, "I firmly believe that the longer criminals are imprisoned under existing systems, the less chance is there of reformation, and the less fit are they to be set at large. Shorter sentences, less food, and more work, would, in my opinion, be more efficacious and economical. Associating criminals in large numbers for a lengthened period, while sustained by a large quantity of animal food, and indulged with what they prize even more, tobacco and comfortable sleeping places, is in my opinion as little calculated to reform, as to deter them from again lapsing into crime. I believe they come out of prison always as bad, and often worse than they entered it, and certainly less inclined to earn an honest livelihood."

In accordance with these views it is that the suggestions offered by an examination of the French convict regulations may prove valuable. The more rigorous fare, the stricter discipline, and the prospective banishment of criminals for a lengthened period abroad, are in themselves to be prized as offering a possible solution of a difficult

question; but they are, after all, only to be regarded as means to an end, and necessarily give place to that which must always be the first object of all prison legislation, viz. the protection of society from its outlawed members.

ON THE FUTURE PROSPECTS OF YOUNGER SONS.

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NO stranger can have been domiciled a season in London without being struck with the crowds of well-dressed young men who exercise their horses in Rotten Row, or who daily lounge about the banks of the Serpentine. To the political economist such a sight must be in one sense most gratifying, for each additional dandy speaks in his own person of the constantly increasing wealth of the country; though, on the other hand, this consideration must to a certain extent be damped by the contemplation of so much useful brain and sinew thus wasting away in the service of fashion. The marvel, however, is that, amongst so many men who under all circumstances would lead an idle life, there should be so many others who, with the utmost desire

of being useful, can find nothing better to do than to look at their neighbours. If we cross the Channel, the same spectacle strikes us in almost all the large capitals of Europe. The crowd of English *flaneurs* flourishes equally abroad as at home. Here, as there, whilst the extremes of wealth and poverty are in one way or another daily brought before our eyes, we have irresistible evidence to prove that, amongst the rising generation of the higher classes, the demand for occupation is largely in excess of the supply. That such a demand should be unsupplied is the stranger, as, look where we will, our statesmen and professional men are sinking prematurely under the combined influence of the mental and bodily toil they are subjected to. The Indian mutiny has been prolific in instances of this kind. Canning, Clyde, Outram, and Inglis are only some amongst the many who have been carried away by the exhaustion consequent upon the overtasked powers of mind and body; whilst, if we look nearer home, the names of Sidney Herbert and Cornewall Lewis recur to us at once.

Nor are those who occupy the first place in the Councils of the State by any means the only men lost to the country in this manner. Opportunities daily occur in the legal and medical professions; where, to be successful, not only application, but the keenest brain and the strongest constitution, are required. And yet, whilst the older professional men are constantly dropping out of the ranks from sheer over-exertion, younger men are positively pining away into a state of listless apathy and supine ease. With the earnest and energetic, the want of employment, it must be admitted, can never be felt; for whether rich or poor, they can hardly be at a loss for an occupation in so over-crowded a country as our own. It is with reference to those who need some inducement to work—and they form the vast majority of mankind—that we propose to consider the question. With such, a fairer distribution of labour and its profits would seem the obvious remedy; experience, however, has proved that such an idea is as utopian as the socialist cry for a division of property. Nor, were it pos-

sible, is it in the least desirable that great profits should cease to be the reward of long and continued toil—a result inevitable, were more paid labour called into the market.

The American war, the distress in the manufacturing districts, and the increasing populousness of our large towns have, for the last few years, been turning the eyes of all thoughtful people to the more pressing necessity of finding occupation for the masses who are deprived of the means of earning their daily bread. The question of finding work for the unemployed of their own class, has hardly yet forced itself upon the attention of the upper ranks of society. Nevertheless, the causes are patent enough.

1. The so-called liberal professions have ceased to be remunerative, except to the few.

2. The penalty of following any but that which society recognises as the profession of a gentleman, has been till very lately loss of caste.

Parents with large families and small incomes, who have devoted much time and money to the

careful training of their children, are painfully obliged to confess that the disappointments of their youngest born are constantly attributable to the first of these reasons, whilst they too often lack the courage to risk their children's loss of position in society by braving the penalties of the second. Their sons receive the universally accepted education of a gentleman, are sent to Eton or Harrow, crammed by a private tutor for the universities, more often for the competitive examination necessary to enter the profession they are destined for, and, perhaps, after years of unprofitable labour, lacking either the opportunity or the interest to obtain anything but a precarious employment, are compelled to fall back weary and disgusted upon the proceeds of their younger son's fortune, and the *otium cum dig.* of a bachelor's life. Some, it must be conceded, fail through their own faults; but still there remains a large margin of young men, of average ability and good conduct, who, had the talents allotted them been more fortunately directed, would have succeeded without

doubt in obtaining a position which would not only have given them constant occupation, but also a chance of comfortable affluence. To prove that this is not an exaggerated statement, it is only necessary to compare the livelihood which professions afforded in former days with that which they afford at present. The Church and the Army, as is very well known, date from the commencement of the middle ages, and the introduction of the feudal system. In those days they were not only the most gentlemanlike in the modern sense of the word, but they were also the only practicable roads by which the children of the landed gentry could acquire honour and emolument. As time wore on, and civilization increased, the profession of the law, and still more recently within the last two centuries, those of diplomacy and the lower branches of the civil service of the state, gradually developed themselves.

From the days of St. Dunstan to the appointment of the Ecclesiastical commission of our own time, the power and riches of the Church have

been jealously regarded by every successive generation of laymen. Its vast accumulated wealth, at the time of the Reformation, had become such an object of envy to the ruling orders of the State, that when the monasteries were closed by Henry the Eighth, but for the establishment of Protestant episcopacy, and the difficulty of dissolving the bond between the spiritual and temporal interests of every parish living in the kingdom, the wealth of the clerical order bade fair to pass for ever into the rapacious hands of its spoilers. A century later, during the Rebellion, the clergy underwent a second persecution at the hands of the Puritans, but only to revive, with a fresh accession of riches, if not of power, at the Restoration. The chief dignitaries of the Church again suffered a partial eclipse of their power during the short and troubled reign of James II., from which they emerged with fresh splendour, as the recognised champions of popular rights, to enjoy a long career of comfortable repose. It was left to the Ecclesiastical commission to disturb a state of prosperous ease that neither the rude

assaults of Horne Tooke, nor the witty invective of Sydney Smith, had been able seriously to alarm. The condition, indeed, of the lower clergy had always remained much the same throughout each successive revolution. Their lot had invariably been poverty and hard work; sometimes even coupled with social degradation; and the present condition of the London curate on 50*l.* a year compares perhaps favourably with the picture, drawn by Lord Macaulay, of a country curate in the time of Charles the Second:* "Not one living in fifty," he says, "enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. His boys followed the plough, and his girls

* "History of England," vol. i, page 324-8.

went out to service." That, however, which made the lot of the clergy in those days just tolerable exists no longer. The plums of the profession are gone, and the prizes of the clerical lottery are so few that they have almost ceased to attract young men of good family.

In the middle ages, and even to the accession of the House of Hanover, the prizes to be won in the civil and military services of the State were enormous. The grants of land made by the Crown to its favourite ministers, courtiers, and military retainers, have become the mainstay and support, in these money-loving days, of half the coronets in the kingdom. To such an extent did the Stuarts carry their generosity in this respect, and so prodigal even was Dutch William of land in Scotland and Ireland, that at the accession of the House of Hanover, Parliament, to prevent the total alienation of Crown lands, effectually controlled any farther grant, by assigning a fixed civil list to the Sovereign in lieu of his hereditary revenues. Politics, as a profession, con-

tinued, notwithstanding, to be as lucrative as ever. The rotten boroughs became a means of easy access to Parliament; and fortune must have indeed been fickle, if, in the venal days of Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle, a younger son of good family and average talent could not fetch his value in the political market. Even the sums spent in the contested elections of former days, enormous as they seem, were not always recklessly invested. There was a fair chance that they would become a floating capital, to be followed by a quick return, in the shape of a regiment, a ship, a sinecure office, or even a colonial governorship; to say nothing of the number of Court appointments which always lay at the disposal of the Minister. Not that one would advocate a return to the system of sinecure offices, which, since the Reform Bill, have been gradually abolished. At best, it was but a clumsy method of rewarding public services by a corrupt and arbitrary expenditure of public money. Whether political services should be better paid or not is another question.

It is sufficient for the purpose to show that neither high honour, nor even moderate fortune, can now be obtained by the generality of public men. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that Parliament has lost many of its attractions in the eyes of the younger son. It no longer presents a certain road to fortune. He finds himself on all sides surrounded by wealthy competitors for the honours of the Senate—willing to buy a certain position in their counties or boroughs at an extravagant price. Assuming that his election expenses are paid by some rich relation or patron, the annual subscriptions he is called upon to afford are quite sufficient to diminish materially his scanty fortune of a few hundreds a year. True, he has the consolation, if possessed of ability, that he is patriotically sacrificing his future advancement in worldly wealth for the good of his party; if, on the contrary, his talents are not above the average, that he is adding to the political influence of his generous patron. In either case, he will be able to comfort himself with the reflection that, however worthy he may

be of his hire, virtue will be his only reward. Supposing even that he has been exceptionally lucky, and that he attains the highest honours of the State, still his whole life becomes but a miserable struggle against poverty; all the more so if he has afforded himself the expensive luxury of a wife and children. The fact is so well known, that it hardly needed Lord Russell's corroboration before a Committee of the House of Commons to testify how utterly inadequate was the minister's salary of 5000*l.* a year to meet the expenses he was called upon to bear. Add to that the uncertain tenure of office, and it becomes manifest that, except in the instance of transcendent genius, modern statesmanship is exclusively the profession of the rich.

Hopeless of success in Parliament, with moderated ambition, the younger son next turns his eyes despairingly towards diplomacy, or, *faute de mieux*, an appointment in one of the public offices. But little comfort meets him there. The disagreeable ordeal of a competitive examination is a *sine quâ non* before he

enters the threshold of either profession. He must submit to the humiliating process of intellectual cramming; with the knowledge that all his efforts may be wasted, should he have the misfortune to come up for examination with half-a-dozen candidates better crammed than himself. He naturally asks what may be the reward held out to him as the crowning prize of eighteen months' study, finishing with a severe examination. The answer is not encouraging—an unpaid attachéship; or, at best, one with a miserable pittance attached, hardly sufficient to pay his tailor's bill; and a prospective advancement in his profession, dependent upon the Foreign Secretary's pleasure, with the feeble hope of some day attaining the post of Minister Plenipotentiary at a small German court, and a retiring pension very disproportioned to his long and arduous services. Nor fares he one whit better as a clerk in a government office. A salary no better than that which a rich man gives his French cook or his butler, and to which the condition is attached of constant attendance,

during ten months in the year, in the close atmosphere of a London office, can hardly be called an inducement to that rich man's younger son. Or, again, perhaps, following his natural bent, he may prefer the sword to the pen. Alas! he will find it easier to gain a fortune in an office, than to carve for himself even a moderate allowance of bread and cheese with his sword. Since the days of Charles the Second, the prizes to be won in the higher ranks of the army and navy have been constantly decreasing. The inferior ranks were, till the beginning of this century, not always paid with punctuality. Nevertheless, taking into consideration the present high price of army commissions (a circumstance over which the State has practically no control), and the depreciated value of money, the officers of both services have never been so ill-paid as at present. To go back as far as Queen Elizabeth's time, we find that the pay of Lord Essex, the commander-in-chief in Ireland, as well as that of the general of his cavalry, was 10*l.* a day; a sum which would amount annually,

at the lowest computation, to ten or twelve thousand pounds of our money, and which far exceeds the present pay of the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards. In 1659, the last year of the Protectorate, an infantry captain's daily pay was eight shillings; a lieutenant's, four; an ensign's, three; and if we take into consideration that the sale and purchase of commissions was not then known in the army, this was perhaps the highest pay ever received by English officers. In William the Third's reign, at the time that a regular standing army had been firmly established and recognised by Parliament, a lieutenant-colonel of foot received sixteen shillings a day; a major, fourteen shillings; a captain, nine shillings; a lieutenant, four shillings and sixpence. Compare these rates with those received at present; viz. seventeen shillings by a lieutenant-colonel; sixteen shillings by a major; eleven shillings and sevenpence by a captain; and six shillings and sixpence by a lieutenant; and allowing for the depreciated value of money, it requires no Mr.

Fawcett to discover that the pay of the line has been very considerably reduced. The navy, the engineers and artillery, the marines, and the Indian services, fare better than the purchasing corps, simply because the officers are not obliged to invest a large sum of money in the public service, on the very bad security of their own lives; but in all, the emolument to be gained is but a bare maintenance. The inadequacy of pay is at the root of every grievance complained of. Each year, as the army and navy estimates are brought forward, the papers are full of these discussions. Now it is the naval officer who is out of pocket by taking the command of a ship; the cavalry officer who wants an extra allowance of forage for his horses; the subaltern an increase to his pay, till the House of Commons, always ready to exercise the virtue of penny wisdom, and wearied with the ever-recurring subject, dismisses the motion with the ignominy of a count out. The next morning, a leader in the *Times* magnanimously sums up the question, and the officers of both services are comforted by

being told that what they lose in money, they gain in social position; or, in other words, that the Queen's commission is an ample compensation for an empty stomach!

Conjointly with a reduction of pay in the lower ranks, the higher appointments have also suffered, till the hard-working veteran, after years of service all over the globe, is forced to arrive at the sad conviction that out of India there is not a single naval or military command worth having. The truth is, the days of fortune-making in either service are gone by. British Admirals are no longer enriched by the spoil of Spanish galleons, nor are there any more Indian empires to be conquered by some fortunate Clive; and those who enter the army and navy may think themselves extremely lucky if they are able eventually to retire with a sound body and an annuity of a few hundreds a year. What wonder then, if the blue jacket and red coat have lost much of their attractiveness in the eyes of the rising generation?

Still, there is one never-failing resource left

to the plodding student in quest of fame and fortune. The honours of the bar at least are open to all. 'Tis a rugged road, beset with thorns; but others have trod it successfully before; why not he? Instances occur to him at once of briefless barristers commencing on sprats in Chancery Lane, and ending their careers as Lord Chancellors on turtle and venison. Surely, with patience, perseverance, and a good constitution as a stock in hand, the obstacles to success are not insurmountable. Mr. Smiles, in his admirable book on Self-Help, inculcates in every line the great truth of the proverb, that "where there is a will there is a way," a maxim as beautiful in theory as it is indisputable in practice, could life be prolonged indefinitely; but unfortunately, though the law, in theory, never dies, its devotees do. As matters are at present, the generality of lawyers need the patience of Job, and the longevity of Methuselah, to obtain any high appointment. The profession is full to overflowing. Hard and stony as is the road to success, its pathways are crowded with a dense

throng, ever pressing on towards the wished-for goal. The more modest and retiring are soon pushed out of the ranks; whilst others weary of waiting on the roadside idle, carry such talents as they possess to the newspaper market, always open to give a price for the ready wit and superfluous sarcasm which cannot be disposed of elsewhere. Some few are lucky enough to obtain parliamentary practice, and thus establish a footing on the high road to fortune; others again are content to exchange their chance of the woolsack for a colonial judgeship, a county court appointment, a police magistracy, or indeed any employment that holds out a prospect of maintaining a family. The main body meanwhile live on, waiting for the good time which never comes, happy if their scanty earnings cover even a small portion of the expenses incurred to obtain them. Years roll on, but business does not increase; and by degrees they too are forced to arrive at the disheartening conclusion that the prizes of the profession are few, and the disappointments many; and that the number of

briefs to be divided amongst counsel yearly diminishes, in much the same ratio that the number of barristers increases. But we need not pursue the subject farther. The more the state of the liberal professions is examined, the more hopelessly unremunerative one profession after another proves to be. The same evils consequent upon the great wealth and over-populousness of the country affect all. The very professions even that this century has created, such as banking, civil engineering, and the like, which would otherwise have supplied a remedy, are becoming afflicted with the universal plethora, and the question becomes yearly more embarrassing—what are younger sons to do? The problem is all the more difficult of solution, in that the class we speak of is above anything like actual want, or the necessities which such a state imposes. Nothing remains but to coax them into work, not only in their own interest, but, what is of more importance, in the interest of the society they live in, and that can only be done by offering them a reward worth working for. On moral

grounds alone, it is a question that ought not to be neglected. In a high state of civilization, such as England enjoys, the yearly increasing number of bachelors, without the means of supporting a family, must of necessity be a serious evil, and is at the root of a vast deal of immorality which the discussions in the newspapers on the marriage question have lately brought to light. Young men, otherwise well intentioned, who would, had they the means, in due time adorn the married state, are driven to the billiard room, the race-course, and the casino, by the sheer force of idleness and the want of excitement. It is far from our wish to absolve the idle and the worthless from the responsibilities of their own evil doings; still it must in fairness be owned that much of the blame is fairly chargeable to the false, and let us add, vulgar notions of gentility, which, till within the last few years, were universally prevalent. The feeling was wide spread during the last century, and to a certain extent is still, that the pursuit of a profession in

any way connected with trade or commerce, degraded a gentleman. The nobility sprung from the ranks of the people, participating largely in the national wealth created by manufactures and commerce, were the most strenuous supporters of the doctrine. With a strange inconsistency, they refused to allow their younger sons to follow what they esteemed a sordid and disreputable occupation, although they showed themselves at all times willing enough to sanction their eldest son's marriage with a city heiress, for the sake of the family property. Following their example, the gentry soon became imbued with the same feeling, and a prejudice (intelligible enough in the middle ages, when trade and commerce, almost wholly in the hands of the Jews, were looked upon as synonymous with usury) became a fixed and ruling principle in the education of children. Amongst the higher classes of a nation who owed all their prosperity to shopkeeping, commerce, not too lowly a pursuit for the proud aristocracies of Carthage and

Venice, was deemed below the dignity of an English gentleman. The Scotch, much to their praise as well as to their interest, were the first to repudiate this notion; and of late years there is good cause for believing that all classes of English gentlemen are gradually pocketing their pride, and recognising the principle that a gentleman may disgrace his profession, but a profession, if it be honest, can never disgrace a gentleman. This prejudice once fairly overcome, we are convinced that the true remedy for the increasing difficulty of finding employment or remuneration in any profession will be found by a recurrence to the first great creators of all human wealth, viz. agriculture and commerce. In England, indeed, the price of land is a serious obstacle to the pursuit of husbandry; but in the colonies there is plenty of space and scope for those who have the courage and perseverance to attempt the trial. The talents required to make a good farmer are just that rough common sense, insensibility to hardship, and practical

energy, which are the characteristics of most English gentlemen; whilst the same qualities refined and sharpened, with the addition of that sterling honesty and superior address which should accompany all good breeding, will find ready employment in the numberless branches of our yearly expanding manufactures and commerce. The matter, after all, is in the hands of parents and guardians. If they will only adopt the proper system of education, and bring up their sons to go out to the colonies, or to enter into business, there is every probability that, with the advantage (most gentlemen's sons possess) of a small capital to start with, the younger son will attain a position of affluence, if not of wealth, which will do much to render him both a happier and more useful member of society, than if he spent his life in sauntering along Rotten Row, or gossiping scandal between clubs and ball rooms. If, on the contrary, parents still choose to put their sons into professions, where every inducement is given them to be idle

and none to work, so long must they be held responsible, if their children waste their substance in riotous living, or drone their existence away in desponding apathy.

THE END.

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